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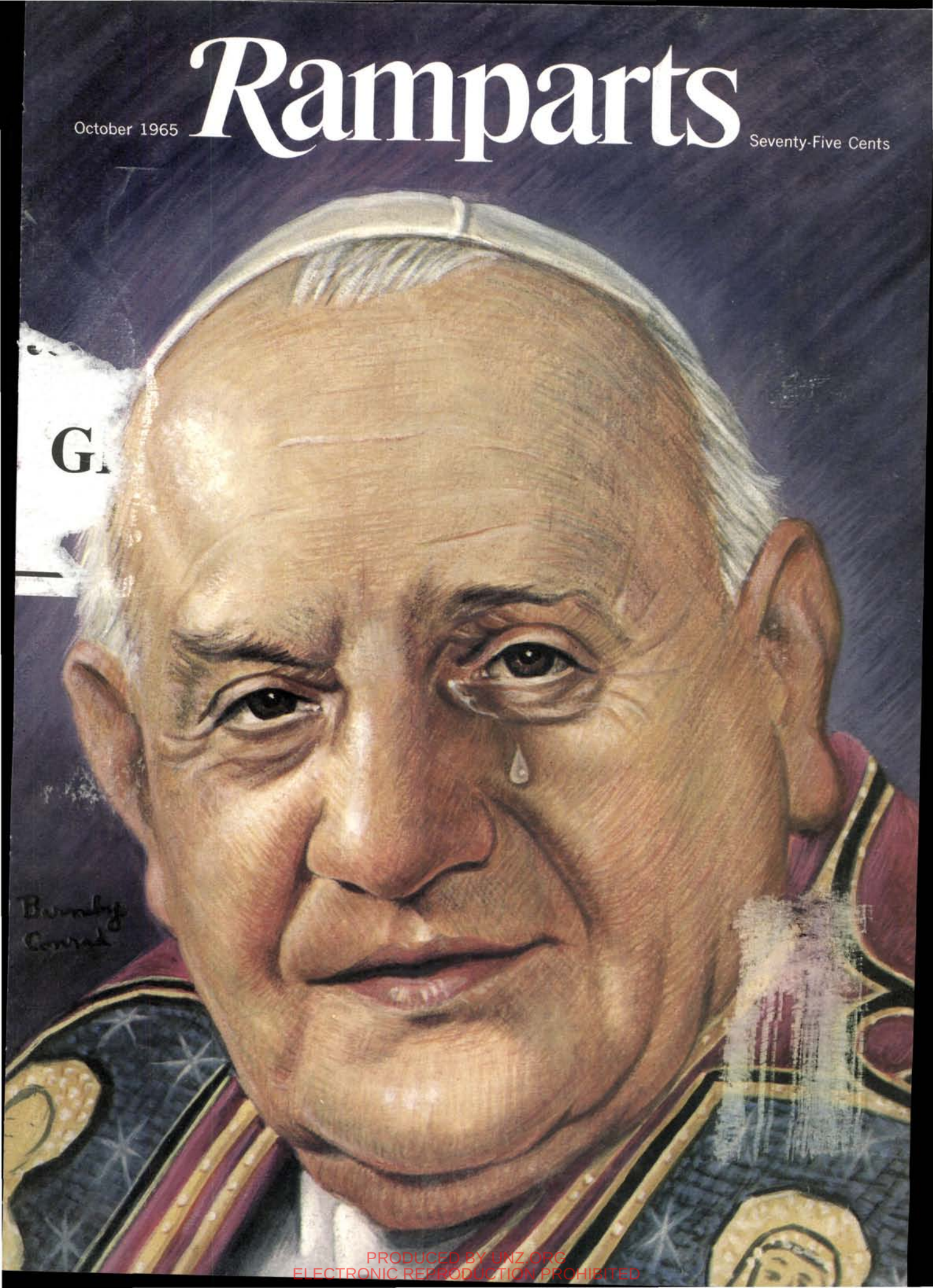

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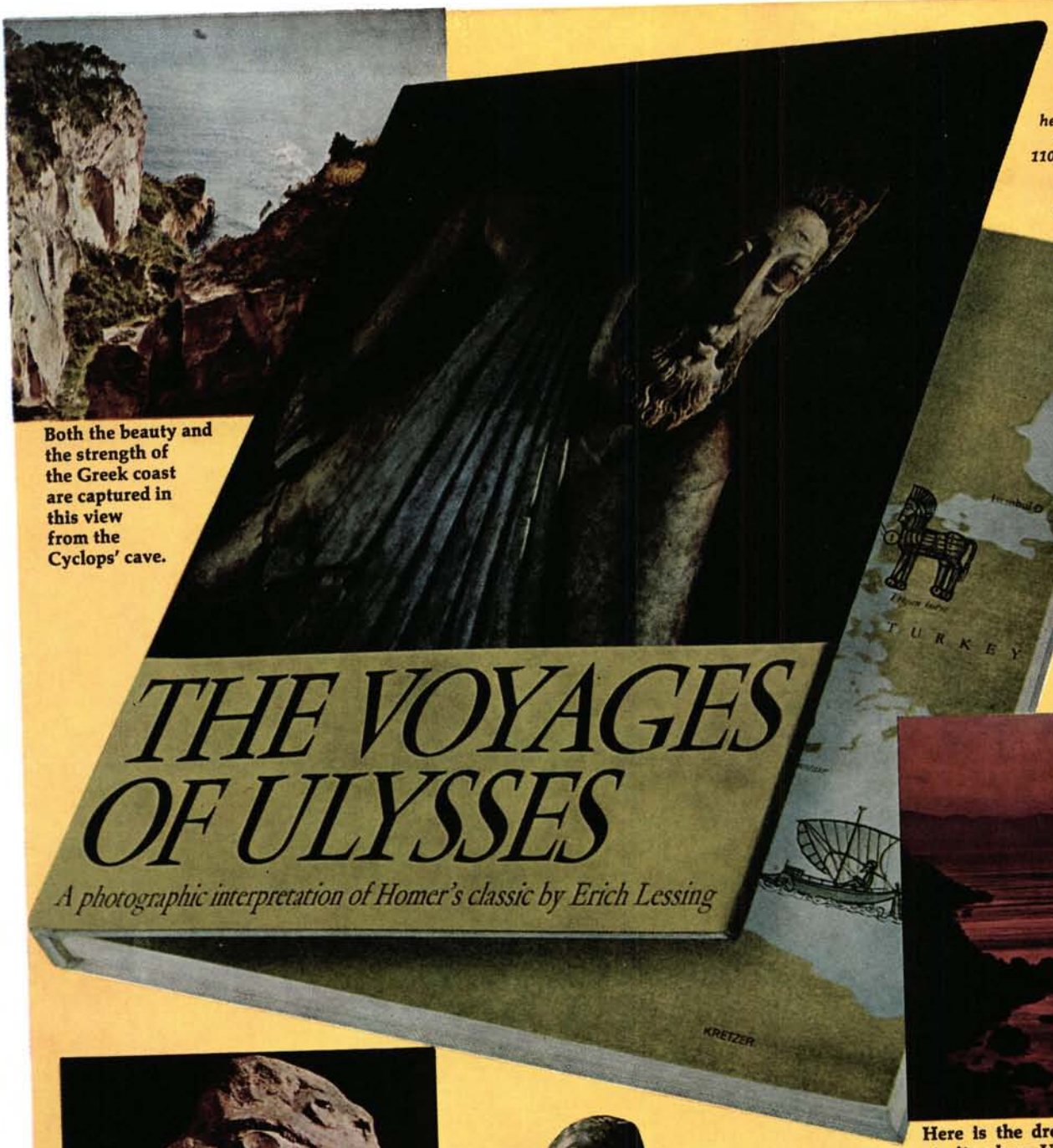


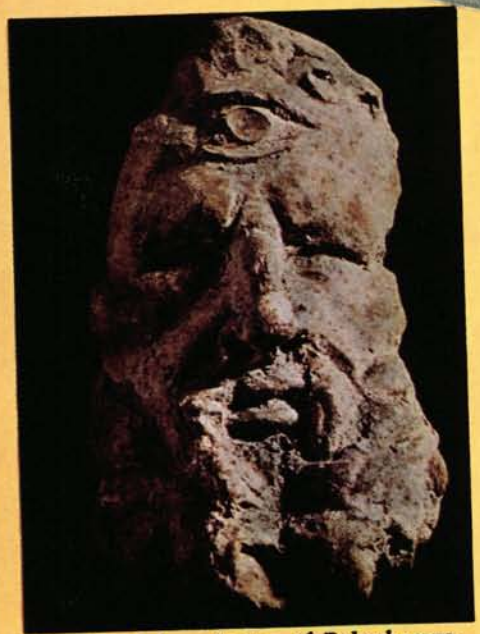
Both the beauty and the strength of the Greek coast are captured in this view from the Cyclops' cave.

THE VOYAGES OF ULYSSES

A photographic interpretation of Homer's classic by Erich Lessing

Size: 10½" x 12". Luxuriously bound in heavy textured cloth, boxed. 110 illustrations in full color, 276 pages, fully indexed

Here is the dreaded Charybdis strait, where Ulysses was shipwrecked onto the island of the seductive goddess Calypso.



A powerful rendering of Polyphemus, whose real life counterpart was probably an active volcano.

An early Minoan version of the minstrel whose song moved Ulysses to tell his story.

In depicting the sea monster Scylla—who was probably inspired by an octopus—this sculptor used more than a little poetic license.

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How can you photograph the *essence* of a poem—its special grace, its meaning and mood? First, you have to be a poet with a camera—and Erich Lessing is. Then you have to see what the poet saw, feel what he felt—as Erich Lessing did. He followed Ulysses to the very places he visited and photographed them in all their ageless impact.

In 110 stunning pictures, Lessing captured the *feeling* of the *Odyssey* much as another photographer, a few years ago, caught on film the *aroma* of a rose. Both required cameras of the greatest sensitivity. Like Chapman, who brought Homer to millions of grateful readers, Lessing has translated the *Odyssey* into yet another language—the language of film. He has achieved a Baedeker of rare beauty—one that takes you through both the soil and the soul of ancient Greece.

Here, in full color, is the hill where Ulysses' palace stood; here lived Nestor and Agamemnon. Here you see the view from the cave of Polyphemus, and the great rock he flung after the fleeing Ulysses. To this lovely stream, Nausicaa came at Athene's bidding and met Ulysses. In this peaceful setting, Circe turned men to swine. Here is the land of the lotos-eaters (the "lotos" flower caused men to lose their longing for home). These are the "monster" rocks of Scylla and Charybdis; here is the Naiads' cave where Ulysses planned his revenge on the suitors. In this limpid bay, Telemachus beached his boat; on this tempest tossed hill lived Aeolus, master of the winds. Here is the true landscape of poetry, for according to the most painstaking research, these are the actual sites Homer had in mind when he wrote the *Odyssey*.

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THE VOYAGES OF ULYSSES is offered to you by the International Book Society, a division of TIME-LIFE BOOKS dedicated to bringing out in this country—in exclusive English-language editions—the five or six finest books to appear abroad each year. To discover such deserving books, the Society's Editors search all the publishing centers of Europe, Asia and South America. Like THE VOYAGES OF ULYSSES, each selection must satisfy the highest standards in both form and content, and as proof of their value, they must win your approval on the basis of a free ten-day trial.

Besides accompanying Ulysses through the actual itinerary of his adventures, the book traces him through 700 years of Greek art as well. Here, in statues, carvings, vase and wall paintings is how the ancient Greeks saw their favorite hero. To track down these works, photographer Lessing undertook an odyssey of his own, travelling some 16,000 miles.

As a magnificent frame for the photographs, THE VOYAGES OF ULYSSES contains three commentaries. Michel Gall—who devoted ten years to the tracing of Ulysses' travels—explains how the actual sites were identified and gives the history of the various theories that were once held about them. Archaeologist Hellmut Sichtermann discusses the role of Ulysses in the historical context of Greek art, life and religion. Professor Carl Kerényi, today's most famous authority on Homer, examines the origins and wider implications of Ulysses in Greek mythology. Seen through these commentaries and Erich Lessing's lens, Homer's Greece will be as much a voyage of discovery to you as it was to him, for this is the Greece not only of scintillating color and incandescent light, but the Greece of the great age of literature and legend, too.

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To Whom It May Concern: Does Your Government Intend to Walk Until 1967?

1) We have been thinking about the Government's news release, reported at length in a Times of New York dispatch (1 July 1965) under the headline: "U.S. Outlines Car Safety Standards."

2) It went on to say that "The General Services Administration, the Government's official shopper" has drawn up a list of safety features that it will demand in the 38,000 1967 cars it will buy.

3) We don't imagine that the Government intends to walk or take trams until 1967, but apparently it *will* be making-do with cars that aren't up to safety standards.

4) Why wait to be safe? The Rover 2000 Sports Sedan *is available right now.** And frankly we'd like the business.

5) However, we realize that a U.S. Government purchasing agency migl not be authorized to buy 38,000 ca from a British maker without an O.I from someone higher up. Which is wh we are approaching you, whoever yc may be.

6) Now to our sales talk:

7) To begin with, the 2000 has, i effect, *two* bodies: the inside one is steel cage construction; its overhea

**In addition to satisfying G.S.A.'s modest pleas for passenger harnesses, padded dash and visors, recessed instrument panel, unaggressive knobs, a collapsible steering wheel with a column that won't attack you, etc., etc., the Rover 2000 also has disc brakes all around, non-jackknifing seats, a steel firewall to keep the engine out of your lap, radial tires, etc., etc.*

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mbers are akin to the "roll-bar" of acing car, and for the same conserv-ve reason.

3) The outside, or beautiful, body is de up of nineteen panels which may replaced *individually* in case of asion.

9) Which brings us to this: Suppos-worse comes to worst and one of 38,000 has an accident?

10) If fate conspires against a 00's rear fender, say, it takes but 2.00 plus 45 minutes labor to re-ce it with a new one. And the Gov-ment rolls again! (In a pinch it is necessary to stay these couriers—whoever—from their appointed nds at all. Just leave the ailing el at the shop, take off, and come k later. This is the same principle t enables you to get your pants ssed without leaving your body at cleaner's overnight.)

1) Lest you have a slight reserva-that a "Sports Sedan" might be a e cramped in the interior or prod-l with fuel, recall that Car and ver named the 2000 the "Car of Year" not only for its remarkable dling but for its amplitude.

2) As to economy, the 2000's 30 es per gallon is the automotive ivalent of only one night light in White House.

3) Look, Sir, if you haven't road-ed a 2000 Sports Sedan yourself don't you call your nearest Rover ler? Or better still, just drop in and prise him.

4) Now, in filling out the order n here, please don't feel hesitant ut giving your real name and title; assure you that they will be kept rictest confidence.

15) Thank you for your attention. And may we say, even though it's been 150 years, how sorry we are about our servicemen burning down the White House? It looks simply beautiful now; you certainly put the insurance money to good use.

16) Finally, Sir, if it so happens that, after all, you're not the person we should speak to about the 38,000 cars, but you might like 1, please fill in the form anyway. We don't mind breaking the set. You'll hear from us, never fear. Or see your local Rover Dealer.

SHORT FORM 1776 AD

Return to Rover Motor Company of North America Ltd., Chrysler Bldg., New York, N. Y. 10017

1) Please state title, if any (as: "President," etc.) _____

_____

2) How many Rover 2000's are you interested in? (as: (1), (2), (38,000), etc.) _____

3) Do you wish your lavishly illustrated brochure mailed in plain wrapper?

_____

4) Is the Potomac navigable to a point near your place?_____

(Signed)_____

(Address)_____

(City)_____(State or District)_____

Oh, the price: $3800 East Coast, $3898 West Coast. Places in between cost in between.

BY THE WAY: We have a most advantageous overseas delivery plan. For instance, your envoy to St. James's could pick up his 2000 for just $3080! For other places write to Mr. David Hunter at the above address.

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Marginalia

Editorial:
What's Wrong With the Church?

Is the official "teaching, ruling and sanctifying" arm of the Catholic Church ready to join the human race? Discussion of the events of the first three sessions of the Church's Vatican Council II and prognostications concerning the impending fourth and final session are, in effect, a search for an answer to this question. In this issue the editors of RAMPARTS present a candid analysis of why this becomes the paramount question; why it is not just a matter of internal Catholic concern.

Prepared by Lay Theologian James F. Colaianni and our inter-faith Editorial Board, this report embraces a penetrating examination of the reasons why the Catholic Church seems, again, on the brink of an historic failure to adapt to the realities of an age.

Because we believe that the Ecumenical Council has worldwide implications, we specifically call this report to the attention of our readers.

The World Court and The Great Boy Scout

War/Peace Report is a journal which we could greet with unreserved applause were it not for the presence of representatives of the Hudson Institute and the Rand Corporation on its Board of Sponsors. We have the visceral feeling that the tentacles of these institutions of terror calculation wrapped around any magazine studying the possibilities of peace can only have a debilitating, if not a corrupting, effect.

Our innate suspicions notwithstanding, we greet with unreserved respect and applause an article by the eminent lawyer, James N. Rosenberg, in the August issue of War/Peace. Mr. Rosenberg states a forceful case for the United States taking the initiative in giving the World Court compulsory jurisdiction over conflicts between nations.

Like the weather, everybody talks about world peace but hardly anybody, anytime, actually does anything about it. What the United States has done for world peace lately is roughly analogous to seeding the clouds the morning of an outdoor wedding.

Illustrations by Benedict Kocian

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Mr. Rosenberg, a skilled painter and an elder statesman of the New York Bar, has come up with a plan which, if heeded by President Johnson, could temper the predominant world impression that the United States' version of a peace banquet is a napalm soufflé served up by Marines in full dress.

The lawyer's proposal is succinct, utopian and probably extremely effective. He sees a World Court that "will be granted compulsory jurisdiction over all the nations of the world but whose decisions will be completely unenforceable by the weaponry of war." Mr. Rosenberg sees the Court's effectiveness in decisions obeyed, through the greatest of social pressures: "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind."

The concept of unenforceability is the strength of Mr. Rosenberg's plans. A World Court with military power to enforce its decisions is no less than total world government — something that no nation, including Switzerland, is ready for just now. But, even without armies, courts can become extremely effective instruments of national, or international, sanity. The Supreme Court of the United States has announced upwards of 100 decisions where the States of the United States were in conflict, yet armed force has never been used to evoke compliance with any of these decisions.

Former President Truman, no overriding idealist, once said: "When Kansas and Colorado have a quarrel over the water in the Arkansas River, they don't call out the National Guard in each state and go to war over it. They bring suit in the Supreme Court of the United States and abide by the decision. There isn't a reason in the world why we cannot do that internationally."

The Supreme Court, after 1787, assumed the status of a world court deciding issues between sovereign states — issues that might have led to armed conflict. But the Court was never considered an instrument of absolute peace-keeping. The great American jurist Oliver Elsworth said of the new Supreme Court, "If the individual states will quarrel, if they want to fight, they may do it, and no frame of government can possibly prevent it." The Civil War proved Elsworth correct.

So also with the affairs of nations. The World Court may issue injunctions against nuclear holocaust, but its injunctions will be buried in the rubble of man's writings on peace.

Yet the World Court, despite its emasculated status in two world organizations — one dead, the other in a state of decay — has a remarkable batting average. The two World Courts have decided over 100 controversies between nations — and in all but one case — Great Britain vs. Albania (remember that?) the Court's decisions have been obeyed.

Most of the present members of the United Nations, the United States leading the pack, have refused to allow the Court jurisdiction over their disputes. Despite the madness abounding throughout the world, only two cases are now before the Court.

The United States Senate ducked out of the Court's jurisdiction through successive administrations since 1920, and in 1946 the "Connolly Amendment" was adopted. The amendment reserves to the United States the power to refuse World Court jurisdiction in any case that the United States considers to be "domestic." And that takes care of any World Court.

The Connolly Amendment has been under attack from a hearty band of public figures including former President Eisenhower, Vice President Humphrey, Attorney General Katzenbach, Senator Fulbright, the American Bar Association, and, individually, nine front-ranking law school deans. The amendment is still with us and it is time that it goes.

President Johnson has a unique opportunity in September to curb the spread of the nickname "The Mad Bomber" that has unfortunately been applied to his running of the Vietnam War. At the same time he can correct the Pollyanna-like peace doubletalk with which he put the United Nations 20th anniversary party to sleep this summer.

The occasion is the gathering in Washington of some 2000 jurists from over 100 nations for the World Conference on World Peace through Law. The opportunity is Mr. Rosenberg's proposal for United States' submission to compulsory jurisdiction of the World Court — and an invitation to other nations to join with us in this "first step" toward world peace.

Mr. Johnson likes to say that the longest journey begins with a single step. Better he should take this step, timid and tenuous though it may be, than continue his role as the great Boy Scout Leader of the Western World. His public intentions for public aggression are so honorable and sincere that the United States may soon be awarded the first merit badge for escalation.

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London:
Majestic Beatle Encomium

by Terence Prittie

Humbug, hypocrisy, muddle-headedness, resentment and pure facetiousness all played their part in the violent attacks which were launched this summer on the British Prime Minister, the Crown and their various advisors, because M.B.E.'s (Medals of the British Empire) were awarded to the four pop-singer members of the "Beatles" group. These four young men are believed to have amassed a million pounds ($2,800,000) in the last two and a half years. They have introduced an ostensibly new rhythm, the "Liverpool Beat," to British dance-halls. And they have popularised the over-the-eyes and down-the-back-of-the-neck hairdo affected nowadays by so many young Britons. They are beloved of the younger generation and are the bane of barbers.

The awarding of "Honours" is an old British practice — some would say malpractice — and plenty of Honours have gone where no honour was due. This was not always so. Squires of the Middle Ages were dubbed knights on the field of battle for their generalship of small bodies of men or for their individual gallantry. Baronies were conferred on men who may have been rogues in one of a dozen different ways but who were at least staunch supporters of the Crown and Realm. As for decorations, there were barely half-a-dozen in existence as late as the middle of the last century. Even the Victoria Cross, the hallmark of extreme valour, only celebrated its centenary nine years ago—a remarkable fact when remembering that it was the first decoration for valour, while the British had fought more than a hundred wars since the Norman Conquest of 1066.

Long before that, however, the granting of Honours was becoming an abuse. At the beginning of the 18th century, for instance, Queen Anne created eight peers in a day — in order to ensure that the House of Lords would support the Government in its intention of signing the Peace of Utrecht. At the end of that century one of my own ancestors was ennobled to the rank of Baron Dunalley, for voting for the Act of Union which ended the short golden age of the Irish Parliament in Dublin and resulted in Irish members sitting in Westminster. Whatever my forbear may have thought at the time, the Act of Union, seen in retrospect, appears to have been one of the worst mistakes in British history.

. . . eight peers in a day . . .

The younger William Pitt had already begun the inflation of the peerage which has never since ceased. Only once did he encounter strong resistance, when he elevated a Jewish money-lender, Sampson Gideon, to the rank of Baron Eardley. That particular resistance sprang from the wrong reason, social snobbery; Sampson Gideon probably deserved better of his monarch than did many of his fellow-peers. Curiously, there was no subsequent protest of the same strength for more than a hundred years. This occurred when David Lloyd George, Prime Minister in 1921, tried but failed to give a peerage to a South African adventurer. All through the 19th century the number of peerages multiplied at an alarming rate. Awards were very often given quite simply in return for massive financial contributions to party funds, and so many brewers qualified through this method of distributing their profits that the House of Lords began to be known as the "Beerage."

In the buying of titles—for this is what it amounted to—the Conservatives were by no means the main offenders. During the last thirty years of the 19th century some of the most obscure Liberals ever to wear a coronet were made peers. Of one of them it was said that he owed his title to faking furniture—the source of his fortune, from which he made his unusually handsome contribution to party funds. More than one commoner was translated to the House of Lords in order to keep his mouth shut.

The Victorians had an instinct for propriety which their successors in Britain have lacked. When Lloyd George was busiest distributing Honours, London became known as the "City of Dreadful Knights." The hand-out of minor decorations was immensely increased by the invention of a regular Royal "Birthday List of Honours" in the 1890's and by the creation of the Order of the British Empire in 1917. Already, by the latter date, it had become common practice to give decorations and Honours to staff officers who had come no closer than listening distance to the sounds of battle. The nefarious habit had been introduced by simply handing a "quota" of decorations to a commanding officer and leaving him to decide whether rank or merit counted in distributing them.

Decorations for "service" to the State continued to multiply. More than one prostitute has been "honoured," and one might wonder why a brothel keeper has never been "put on the list." For that matter, no book-maker has been either, although the jockey Gordon Richards was

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knighted for riding for gain. Once upon a time no divorced person could obtain entrance to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot Race-course; now one is likelier to gain rather than lose from a life of unimpeachable immorality. It is no longer possible to guess what "service" to the State constitutes. Footballers and cricketers have joined the inspectors of drains and the military men who never saw active service in the Honours List. It would be hard to debase those lists any further.

It was a misguidedly facetious touch which resulted in the M.B.E. being awarded to four "Beatles" who were not even named. Mr. Wilson's Government may have hoped to popularise itself by this absurd gesture; in the process it only damaged its image the more. Not that anybody could hold anything against the "Beatles," who are friendly, uninhibited young men. They personally admitted that they had never heard of the M.B.E. and joked in a somewhat uncertain manner about it on television. Their very lack of understanding or interest made it all the more clear that the Wilson Government made the joint award to a pop-group in order to curry favour with that pop-group's fans, the voters of tomorrow.

. . . awarded to four "Beatles" . . .

The protests of private citizens have been many and violent. They have been often misplaced. Some dissidents have vented their wrath on the unwitting "Beatles." Others tried to "send back" their own decorations. This was a waste of everybody's time. Honours cannot be shed, once accepted. The dispatch of a medal to No. 10 Downing Street or to Buckingham Palace costs merely a limited amount in postage — and under Mr. Wedgwood Benn the postal services are none too efficient anyway. What should really be at stake is not anti-Beatle gestures but a concerted protest against the whole Honours system. It is perfectly possible that the system as such should be totally abolished. If it were, I would be among the first to send back, with decorous thanks, my own M.B.E. — earned for escaping from prisoner-of-war camps in Germany during the war. When I accepted it, I knew too little about the Honours List. What I have learned since suggests that there is greater honour in serving the State, without Honours.

Travel:

MARIENBAD IN CYPRUS

by G. M. Feigen

It came to a head one afternoon last fall when I visited Bill Blair, the Jerusalem correspondent with the New York Times. We were sitting in the octagonal living room of his quiet, white stone Arab house, drinking gazeuse, and the Blairs were inquiring about my itinerary. A vivid yellow streak of hot afternoon sun crossed the marble floor, and looking at this absently, I decided that I was going to Cyprus. From that moment, the excitement became commingled with apprehension, which I managed by asking questions about such ordinary things as hotel accommodations in Nicosia, airline schedules, and the names of people I might find helpful.

I thought that my decision to visit Cyprus was a sudden one, until I realized that it had been simmering for several months. I caught quite a few Cypriot news reports as I was wandering around the Near East, and they sounded like an unstructured play, badly in need of rewriting. When I got to Jerusalem, I was able to fill in the mosaic with more involving information. An American newspaperman had been hit by a stray bullet and might lose the sight of an eye . . . the Turks accused the Greeks of nauseating atrocities . . . the Greek side of Nicosia had all the food and petrol . . . sporadic gunfire raked across the United Nations neutral zone . . . no one seemed able to explain why who was doing what to whom.

The next day I found myself at the Tel Aviv airport boarding the noon El Al plane to Cyprus. The stewardess gave me a dry biscuit, which I munched absently watching the few passengers and wondering why they were going to a "strife-torn" island in the northeast Mediterranean, when ordinary prudence would have kept them safely at home. My own inside animal got sleepy; I dozed off, awaking a half hour later to the sight of a rectangular airport a few hundred feet under the wings.

I expected to find tension, to sense a tightness of people in danger, and personally, to be processed with careful thoroughness. What I did find was confusion, indifference, and a Customs officer who viewed me with suspicion for several minutes, and then stamped my luggage without examining it. I found a taxi and, settling back, hopefully told the Greek driver to take me to the Ledra Palace Hotel. The ride took about fifteen minutes. He told me how Nicosia was divided into two parts by the "karizis," that the airport and the best business places were in the Greek

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part, and don't listen to the Turks who, in spite of fair treatment, tell lies.

The hotel was startling: a three-story, tan brick structure sitting behind a spare plaza and driveway. It looked like West Point's Quadrangle Building. On the far right, a one-story addition, which seemed to be the afterthought of a lazy architect, housed the tall blond soldiers of the United Nations Occupation Force, mostly Danes and Swedes. Their smart commando uniforms, their bright-colored identification bands, and their stature were in stark contrast to the native males. I discovered later that this was the boundary line between the Greek and Turkish "forces," and that occasionally at night, the whine of sniper bullets reminded you that there was some kind of war going on.

. . . the whine of sniper bullets . . .

I walked into a lobby and another dimension. It was deeply shadowed; there were many alcoves furnished with wood-framed upholstered chairs which, in the half gloom, might or might not have been occupied. To the back, there was a wide stone porch with white clothed tables one after the other, empty. A quizzical look from the multi-lingual desk clerk brought me back to the business of registration. When I asked if he had any vacant rooms, the corners of his mask-like face rose in the suggestion of a smile. "Sir," he said, "We have several hundred rooms and only eight guests. You may have any number of suites with one or two bedrooms or single rooms."

As he went through the inspection of my passport, I looked out to the back again, and there saw several acres of well-tended lawn, an old-style swimming pool, enormous and well-kept, two tennis courts, and a canteen. There were no humans. Everything looked white in the early afternoon sunlight — the flowers, the walls of the pool, the terrace, the table cloths, and suddenly I felt in Marienbad without the ghosts. The clerk and I discussed money; Cyprus currency and coins are modeled after the British. I received a handful of the assortment in exchange for a twenty dollar bill. I said "merci," absent-mindedly whereupon he broke into a very rapid French hoping that I would enjoy my stay and would use all the facilities including afternoon tea, the grill room, the lounge, and the Jasmine Terrace. He would have gone on but I thanked him again in English, whereupon he called for a porter.

The corridors were very wide, the ceilings were very high, and everywhere there were stone arches; the carpets were well worn but of unobtrusive design so that they drew the eye ever back into dark corners. I stopped at the "book stall." An ancient-looking, white haired, heavy featured proprietor sat on a low chair against the high table, fast asleep. His offerings consisted of twenty English paperbacks, mainly Agatha Christie and a few James Bonds. I bought a bar of Greek soap and went up to my room.

It was non-luxurious in the American sense. It faced the main road. Standing behind the heavily draped window, I could see to the left the sandbag barricades, behind which Turkish sentries stopped and inspected all traffic. Jeepfuls of U.N. troops and an occasional truck passed through. It was too hot even for bewilderment, and I knew that I would not be able to sleep. I went down to the bar to look up the newsmen whose names I had kept in my notebook. The stairs were carpeted enough so that I could not hear my footsteps. The pervasive silence and the lack of moving objects or people gave me the feeling of walking bodily into a cinemascope frame.

The Grill Room was referred to as a "Typical Cyprus Tavern." The beer was cold and bitter, served by a short, swarthy bartender who paused for a minute and then addressed me in English. At last, here were a few people — mainly news media men. The cherubic, light-skinned Irishman turned out to be my main contact and he tried to enlighten me about the "situation." There was an economic blockade of the old city . . . I could rent a car and travel about but, to reach any place, I would encounter both Greek and Turkish patrols and sentry boxes and be stopped at gunpoint . . . I was to have my passport ready, and to slow down as soon as any "authority" came into sight . . . My press card would be a great help . . . The thirty-five hundred square miles of territory were divided into six provinces, and the three best spots were Kyrenia, a seaside village on the north coast, Famagusta, a seaport on the southeast coast and the Old City . . . The areas occupied by the Greeks and Turks criss-crossed the various provinces, and he warned that I might be stopped five times a mile.

Dinner brought me back to the strange enveloping *déja vu* which I had traced to Marienbad. Alone at a table, I observed a sommelier, a captain of waiters, and several waiters wearing quite white shirts and standing like slightly stooped mannequins. For some unrecognized off-key

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reason, I ordered a hamburger, and I was brought what looked like a large blackish-brown egg with no vegetables. I couldn't resist the temptation to pick it up in my hand. It was heavy. From some nearby zone I heard familiar music, thin and distant, and I got up and followed it. It took me through the inside dining room, across the lobby, still shadowed but illuminated by large somewhat sepulchral lamps, and down the long hallway; as the music got louder, I passed a large dark room, the back wall of which shone with an iridescent light. I walked in. There was an old television set on whose screen the Lone Ranger and Tonto were racing off into the hills. The room was otherwise empty. I waited until I discovered that it was being beamed from Beirut, then hurried over to the bar to be with the newspapermen.

One of them handed me two news releases from the public information office. After the word "Announcement" was the following text: "A report in today's issue of a morning paper under the heading 'Fire Against Submarine' says, *inter alia*, that government forces yesterday opened fire on a submarine in northwest Cyprus. It is hereby announced that the report in question is unfounded. No submarine was sighted near the Cyprus shores and government forces never had to fire on any target. On the contrary, yesterday was a quiet day without any incident — Issued by the National Guard General Staff, H.Q."

A second bulletin issued later in the day by the same office was headed "Foodstuffs For The Turkish Community": "It is officially announced that the M.S. Hassan Yoruk with approximately two hundred and fifty tons of foodstuffs and other commodities sent by the Red Crescent, arrived in Famagusta port today. The customs authorities have been instructed to allow clearance of the goods free of duty estimated at fourteen thousand pounds. In view of the risk of spreading phyto-pathological diseases in Cyprus, one ton of potatoes included in the list of goods carried by the ship will be destroyed and replaced by local potatoes free of charge."

They loaded me with booklets, each one making a contribution with such titles as "Who Is at Fault" issued by the Turkish National Party, "Looking Back" by the Turkish Communal Chamber, "The Problem Confronting Cyprus" by Chris Economides B.Sc (Econ) and the more stylish, "The Anatomy of a Crisis," which represented the Greek variations on the same theme. A writer from Mexico, slouched over the bar toying with a glass of beer, tried to explain what the "crisis" was. Apparently the population of Cyprus was about eighty percent Greek and twenty percent Turkish. Under the Constitution, the president was Greek, the vice-president, Turkish. By a U.N. resolution of 1958, a seven to three ratio was fixed as a proportion in which the Turks and Greeks should run the country. The Turks did not want to be a mere minority under Greek rule. I watched his thick wide lips mouthing the words under his ferocious mustache. Makarios and the EOKA frankly aimed at ENOSIS (union) with Greece. The Turkish counter-cry was TAKSIM (partition). He stopped and took a long sip of beer.

It still didn't seem to make much sense, but I knew that I would digest it with experiential activity which would bring me into contact with the antagonists. The newsmen began to chat with one another. An Englishman laughingly related how Greece really didn't want ENOSIS, because Cyprus was no economic plum, but rather a prune. A Canadian offered a polite chuckle, noting that Turkey wanted to save face, but also wasn't rabid about sending arms, planes and ships without foreseeable material dividends. A middle-aged Dane who commanded the U.N. troops, came in with a girl who worked at the British consulate. They sat down and made an island of non-verbals. The rest began to try to explain the savagery and terror of the recent weeks, and I experienced the persistent lack of focus that marked all the political discussions so far. I had to get away and look at it in the dark.

. . . Turkey wanted to save face . . .

Early the next morning, I rented a bantam car from a booth near the hotel. I was able to purchase a few liters of petrol which was carefully rationed. I tried to get used to the right hand drive and succeeded in getting the right front wheel up onto the sidewalk in front of the sandbagged area, whereupon a polite Turkish officer came over, looked at my press card and passport and waved me on telling me that I might like to visit the Mosque. The Old City was pitifully empty of the usual signs of normal daily life. There were no women, the markets were almost empty, the men sat around playing cards and smoking, staring and staring again. Some of the market places were large enclosed structures with transparent roofs as big as American armories. Here and there a soli-

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tary chicken hung from a hook; a few grapes lay in an empty box as if rolled like green marbles against a fly specked corner; there was a high silence over a low hum. I stopped in at the Turkish headquarters.

A PR officer was quite cooperative and showed me many atrocity pictures. He went into a long diatribe against the Greeks — told me that they had been warned about a possible typhoid epidemic breaking out. "The unsanitary conditions forced upon us by the Greeks has caused a breakdown of all our hygiene. We are not even sure of our water." He reached around, poured a glass of lemonade from a large pitcher and offered it to me. I was about to say, "I'm not thirsty," but I looked at his eyes and began to sip the drink most reluctantly. He then went into a long diatribe about the situation in Cyprus, and became rather violently anti-Greek. His voice became strident. Again I lost the thread of his meaning and politely waited for the decrescendo. I promised him that I would be fair in my reporting.

The refugee camps stank with the frankness of open sanitation. The people seemed well-fed, but silently miserable. Even the kids rarely smiled. One threadbare adolescent told me in bad English about the Greek soldier who murdered a mother and three children in the bathroom, another about the Greeks rolling over Turkish wounded with a bulldozer. All this was more terrible, later, when I experienced the auditory mirror image on the Greek side. I drove to the Mosque. It was formerly a cathedral for French kings and was built in the thirteenth century. I had to wash my hands, feet, and nostrils, as I knelt on the prayer rug inside and as I watched the Muezzin on the minaret outside, I felt a momentary escape into history. Old Nicosia is surrounded by Venetian walls and an empty moat where flowers grow. French, Gothic, Ottoman, British and nondescript, intersecting and passing these adjacencies was like putting history on a color wheel. Returning to the hotel, I was stopped by six different patrols. I was a little puzzled by their close scrutiny of me and my papers, and I finally questioned them; they explained that they thought I was a Greek, even a spy, but of course the American passport . . . (Later the Greek soldiers suspected me of being a Turk).

. . . history on a color wheel . . .

The Irishman had given me the name of the harbor club in Kyrenia as a good place to lunch. It was owned by a British couple named Roy and Judy Finley. I drove the sixteen miles north, past brown spare hills and a rather barren mountain range on whose slopes small herds of black goats were tended by Arab shepherds. It was desolate, and a little intimidating until, going over the pass, I saw the sea below and the glow of the Mediterranean sun on stone. I found the harbor club and its balcony restaurant on the hill, over a yacht harbor. No one was there; I wandered in and out of the restaurant, down the stairs to a small courtyard and then into a dark Arab house where there was a small bar. I stood at the bar and finally shouted, "I want to buy someone a drink."

. . . into a dark Arab house . . .

Roy Finley came out and we shook hands. We drank together and I explained myself. His wife joined us. They were both blond, middle-aged and curiously British and very glad to see me since I was a novelty. Finley looked like Trevor Howard — safari, India, and nostalgia. He sipped his gin silently for a while and then said, "I suppose you're trying to find what this is all about." He outlined the role of the British from the time they occupied Cyprus in 1878, through the actual annexation in 1925, and the final Cypriot independence in 1960. According to him, both the Turks and Greeks were preposterous; they hated the British yet hoped that Britain would keep its airbase, so that its few thousand employees would purchase goods in Nicosia. He looked sadly over the abandoned white sailboats rocking in the marina below. "Cyprus is like a dramatic company," he said, "endlessly rehearsing a violent play in an empty theatre."

On the way back to Nicosia, I felt uneasy about my short supply of petrol; the car was my only security; stalled, I would be stranded in a kind of no man's land, and after dark, be subject to challenge and proof. I hastened along the still unfamiliar route, looking for comforting landmarks with scant success. I decided to stop and inquire at the first inhabited building. This turned out to be a large warehouse-like structure over whose entrance was the provocative sign 'Eros.' Walking in, I realized I was in a pottery factory, for on row after row of shelves were white and black urns, jugs, vases, and other pieces in classical, ancient Cypriot design and color. There was a thin mist of plaster powder in the air and no noise. If one overlooked the primitive machinery to the rear, one would again

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get the feeling of entering the unreal, the present-past: great numbers of white pottery pieces as yet undesigned and unglazed, all totally still.

Finally the handsome Turkish potter emerged from some area deep to the left and asked me what I wished. I discovered it was possible to purchase some of these articles which he assured me were merely good imitations of antique art. As he was wrapping the few lidded jars which I bought for very little money, he mumbled his version of the Republic of Cyprus, mixing his political and historical material as if kneading new batter for his wheel. He told me that I was on the right road to Nicosia and I left.

I had an uneventful half hour at legal speed until approaching the crest of a gentle hill. I saw three Turkish soldiers standing around a dilapidated military car, a bright Turkish flag flying from a small staff attached to the left fender. I had a *presentiment of trouble, for when* they heard me approaching, they all went rigid and stared me right up to the sentry box. The sentry extended his hand, knowing that I understood the passport procedure. Satisfied that my identification was acceptable, he asked me to wait. An officer approached. "I am on an urgent mission," he said, "and I have no petrol. The Greeks have cruelly deprived us of petrol. I would appreciate to borrow some of yours." I couldn't quite make out how high my cards were, and I decided to tell the truth. "I only have a few liters left, perhaps just enough to get me back to the Ledra Palace." There was a long silence. I went on: "I will let you siphon off some gas, but you must leave me with enough to get back. Let's agree on half of what is in the tank. O.K.?" "O.K., thank you, O.K." "Okay" seemed to be the one word of English that everyone in the world knew. He barked at the other soldier in Turkish. A thin rubber hose was brought up from somewhere and put into my gas tank. He sucked the acrid gasoline and spat in distaste. The purple liquid trickled off into a battered can. He poured it into his tank and drove off with the other soldier.

I smiled goodbye to the sentry and had driven about twenty-five yards when I was horrified to hear and see, at the same time, what was obviously the machine gun firing at me; the bullets churned up the sandy soil in little puffs. In that moment of mid-brain panic, I decided that I couldn't outrun him. The scenario of the absurd seemed to be consistent. I had no idea of my position; I felt dry in the mouth and scared down to the quick. I turned around slowly, drove back to the sentry box, and stopped. The soldier was smiling silently holding his chopper like a character in a Hollywood gangster movie. At first I thought it was some sadistic practical joke; I felt the anger against the fear. He reached into his pocket, and having obviously found something, he inspected his palm and selected what turned out to be two Cyprus shillings. "To pay you for the petrol, sir." I felt sick with relief, nausea and the afterimages. I told him, please, to keep the money, but he insisted. I wondered how many shillings worth of adrenalin I had expended in that little episode. He waved me off still smiling. I drove on trembling, and walked up and down the Jasmine Terrace until my heart resumed a more normal rate.

I left Cyprus the following week to attend the royal wedding in Athens. I had heard so many explanations, Greek and Turk, that I finally got my feelings into focus. To the Cypriots, their island is boundless. They view the entire world in terms of themselves. Cyprus is infinity, and like a mouse on a treadmill, it does not deal with the outside. The Outside is an abstraction from which is expected total concern, unto which is directed bills of particulars, and justifications by way of vague propaganda which will prove who is right. As the plane rose up and turned toward Greece, I looked down and saw the island, getting smaller in the distance. It looked like a leather hide nailed to a wall. Its boundaries were acutely visible; it was a dot on the map, a speck on the sea, *finite, circumscribed and pitiful.*

. . . obscure tangle of affronts . . .

How absurd it was! Four nations—Turkey, Greece, Britain, and Cyprus and the U.N.—trying to settle this obscure tangle of affronts and ambitions. Of course the dignity of small nations must be defended. Of course each nation must be allowed to choose its government and solve its internal problems. But this is in context with the society of all nations. I couldn't help wondering, if the Turks and the Greeks, each only a slightly asymmetrical image of the other, could see that it doesn't have to be either/or; it could be both/and. I wondered if the utter absurdity of this admittedly insoluble problem would be clear if each Cypriot could be taken up into the air to view his little battlefield below, as if looking through the wrong end of a telescope. Transcendent, physically, he might discover transcen-

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dence; boundless in Cyprus, he might see the perimeters of his problems from the outside. I looked down again, and Cyprus was no longer visible below.

It is now nine months later and the situation is practically unchanged. There have been very few incidents of violence, but the antagonists still adhere violently to their relative positions. Marienbad is still playing in Cyprus.

Et Cetera:

FREE-LANCE INTEGRATIONIST

by Lewis Z. Koch

One can imagine the care, the great attention to detail, the calculated risk-taking of a Martin Luther King or a James Farmer as he initiates a new civil rights crisis. Each step taken is geared to produce a quantitative and qualitative gain. But Chicago public school teacher, John J. Walsh, conceived and executed a more radical plan of action. He tried to bypass all the usual subcrises maneuvering by simply moving Negroes into the all white Bridgeport area — two blocks from the home of Chicago's Mayor Richard J. Daley.

As Walsh puts it, the idea of supplying Mayor Daley with Negro neighbors just came to him. With the 1964 presidential election just a month away, the neighborhood would adjust to them and vice versa. On its face Walsh's plan *did* seem perfect. Democrats were instructing television audiences that "backlash" would not be a factor in the election. Mayor Daley's public utterances on civil rights were all sympathetic toward the movement. Walsh's mission was to concretize these statements by integrating the Mayor's own neighborhood.

With borrowed money he purchased a two-flat dwelling on Lowe Street. One white family occupied the upstairs apartment, another the back cottage. He paid for the building and cottage in full — $18,000 cash. With his Bridgeport home in hand, Walsh began to set his plan in motion. He soon suffered his first reversal. A Negro went to the Bridgeport area police station and announced that he had been paid $600 to move into Walsh's building and that Walsh "definitely wants trouble to start at this address so Mayor Daley will be embarrassed." Walsh's initial choice of a "militant" Negro had proven to be a bad one.

Then a rumor began to circulate that one of the "Little Rock Nine" (a Negro group) would attempt the next move-in. Bridgeport neighbors, sensitive to such rumors, responded by throwing excrement into the vestibule of Walsh's building. The rumor later proved to be false.

The Chicago Human Relations Commission, in what turned out to be one of its least successful ventures, tried to "establish communications" by contacting the neighborhood clergy — one Lutheran minister and four Catholic priests.

Meanwhile, after being turned down by several Negroes who felt the civil rights moratorium applied to move-ins, Walsh found what he thought was a sufficiently courageous couple. He issued a Formal Declaration of Integration to Mayor Daley, with copies to the press, radio, television, politicians and civil rights leaders. He closed his Declaration by saying, "Since these young people are moving into a basically fine community, I'm sure you will encourage all your neighbors to make their new neighbors feel welcome to Bridgeport."

On the day selected the Negro couple walked up to the building on Lowe Street, tried to enter but found they had been given the wrong key. Unable to get into the building they left within a few minutes. Having seen two Negroes at the front door, the second floor tenant decided to move out immediately. The Negro couple was too frightened to stay, the white man too angry. So ended Walsh's second attempt to implement his bold, new plan.

Walsh was not dissuaded. For his third attempt he found two young Negro men, one a student active in civil rights and the other a mail clerk at the Federal Reserve Bank. But here Walsh made another tactical blunder: he had made arrangements for renting the apartment to the two men without having them sign a lease.

On Friday, October 2, the two Negroes moved in. Their neighbors gathered silently in front of the building. Saturday evening, three teenage girls found their voice. "Two, four, six, eight. We don't wanna integrate." Several adults thought this was an appropriate declaration of intention and quickly joined in. The police called for reinforcements. Fifteen minutes later they called for more reinforcements. The police formed a line around the house to control the enthusiasm of the crowd of 150 screaming whites. Early Sunday morning, the area was free from greeters; evidently they had to get some rest before going to church.

The two young men were asked by the police to leave the building through the back — it would be safer — and to give

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them their apartment keys. When they wanted to return they could pick the keys up at the police station. In this way the police would be able to keep tabs on the new Bridgeport residents.

With crowds gathering Sunday night, a mental patient, fittingly enough, started the evening's counterforce by throwing a rock through the apartment window. Shortly after that, part of the crowd decided to visit Mayor Daley's home. The police would have none of this and the crowd was quickly halted. Apparently there was a distinction to be made as to whose house was a fit subject for mob demonstration.

Mayor Daley declared at a press conference that "Every person has the constitutional right to live wherever he wishes." But that night the mob began gathering after dark. This was enough for the Negro mail clerk; he told the police he was vacating and would not return. An hour later the crowd stepped up the action: a white woman was arrested; the crowd rocked the police wagon; newspaper photographers and reporters were threatened; one policeman was injured by a bottle; three others were kicked and kneed. Twelve people were arrested that night, almost all of them Bridgeport area residents.

. . . reporters were threatened . . .

Late that night, the police finally decided to prohibit any further gatherings in front of the Lowe Street building. It had taken four nights of demonstrations, fourteen arrests and four injured policemen for them to decide to take action.

The next night John J. Walsh's "perfect plan" came to a bizarre conclusion. While the remaining Negro tenant was at work, his apartment door was *mysteriously* found open. Walsh's real estate agent decided to act like the apartment had been vacated. Some of the neighbors helpfully packed the Negro's belongings into neat packages and delivered them to the police station. The real estate agent then, in the role of Walsh's agent, immediately signed two white men to a long-term lease and forthwith moved them in.

When the Negro returned from work late that night, he went to the police station to pick up his apartment keys and was informed that he no longer lived in Bridgeport.

Who can be blamed for what happened in Bridgeport? After all, the city's Human Relations Commission did try to "establish communications"; the clergy did attempt to reason with neighborhood parishioners; the police did finally restore order; and the Mayor did say that anybody had the right to live where he wanted.

As for John J. Walsh, he is, unfortunately, just a well-meaning school teacher, law student and weekend entertainer.

Mike Royko, Chicago Daily News columnist, summed it up well:

"You have to wonder then, about John J. Walsh, the free-lance integrationist who bought the building on Lowe Street just to provide Mayor Daley with a Negro neighbor. Walsh refers to himself as a 'realistic idealist.'

"That is probably the only laughable part of the entire incident — the thought of trying to integrate Bridgeport and calling yourself a realist.

"He wanted to know what would happen if he moved a Negro into Mayor Daley's neighborhood.

"Now he does.

"Mayor Daley's neighborhood moved the Negro out."

One year later, Mayor Daley's neighborhood is still lily-white.

LEWIS Z. KOCH *is Producer, at Random, at CBS-TV in Chicago.*

THIS REVOLTING GENERATION

by Robert McAfee Brown

How are they to be described — these suddenly so-grown-up students upon whom, during their years of university education, parents have lavished so much care and love and attention . . . and money? I suggest that they are to be described as — and the inflection is crucial — a revolting generation.

There are some these days who employ the adjective "revolting" in such a way that it is loaded with pejorative content. These are the ones who assert that the 1964-65 manifestations of student unrest on our campuses are due to immaturity, to insecurity, to association with the more dubious members of the faculty, or (in an increasingly widespread variant) to some kind of Communist takeover of the student organizations. The latter appears to be the view of J. Roswell Ham, a former college president who ought to know better; of Lucius Beebe, that choleric columnist who obviously doesn't know any better and whose favorite adjectives in describing contemporary students seem to be "brainwashed" and "unwashed"; and of J. Edgar Hoover, who seems more concerned about exposing purported Communist activity in Berkeley than in exposing mani-

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fest, blatant Fascist activity in Mississippi.

Now I am sure that some people share one or another of these variant assessments of a generation that seems revolting indeed, even though they may not like my dismissal of those who voice the objection. There may be others who yearn for the old simplicities of the past, when, for example, Stanford students tried to paint the Berkeley bell tower red rather than act like reds. (Indeed, is there a university administrator anywhere in the country who, during this past spring of student unrest, has not sighed to himself, "Oh, for a nice, simple, clean-cut panty raid!") But I do not want to focus this discussion either on the conspiratorial-sounding theme of Communist infiltration or on the nostalgic glance to the past. Those who hold to such interpretations or panaceas are not the sort who are likely to be convinced by a few moments of rebuttal.

. . . clean-cut panty raid . . .

Instead, let me try to focus on a more widely-voiced objection, one that I have heard many times, and one that could be put in such terms as the following: "Why don't these students stick to getting an education, instead of getting involved in causes? Why don't they read more books themselves, instead of going to help East Palo Alto kids learn to read better? Why don't they study harder, instead of raising money to send students to Mississippi, or, worse yet, going to Mississippi themselves? Why don't the Sigma Chis play ball with the national fraternity, instead of getting themselves expelled? Why don't students study political science, instead of holding protest meetings on Vietnam?" And so on.

I think there is a rebuttal to this sort of complaint, and I think the present student generation has discovered what it is. It is a rebuttal that denies the presuppositions of the question; it refuses to allow that the alternatives thus posed are real alternatives. It insists, to revert for a moment to the specific examples just cited, that an ability to read books lays upon one the obligation to share that ability; it insists that the chance to be in a university atmosphere does not exempt one from concern for, and occasionally involvement in, a revolutionary atmosphere such as Mississippi; it insists that in this day and age if your fraternity tells you you can't pledge a Negro, the only response you can make in integrity is that you are pledging a person, not a member of a race, and that race is a totally unsatisfactory and indeed immoral criterion for determining the worth of a person, let alone determining the possibilities of *fraternitas,* brotherhood, with that person; and finally it insists that study about Southeast Asia and direct concern about what is now going on in Southeast Asia are intimately and directly related, and cannot properly be separated from one another. The notion, in other words, that student revolt—whether over Vietnam or social regulations or racial injustice—is "interfering with education" is a notion incompatible with the recognition that in the life of the truly educated person, thought and action are indivisible. Let us grant that *action* without thought can be foolish, and often is; but let us also realize that thought without action is sterile. The Fourth Gospel talks about "*doing* the truth," and doing the truth is surely part of what it means not only to be religiously committed but also to be significantly educated.

. . . you can't pledge a Negro . . .

. . . make a fool of yourself . . .

To attempt to "do the truth" is always, of course, a bit risky. You may make a fool of yourself; you may get in trouble; you may be wrong in your judgment of what is the truth and how you are to do it, and you may thus make the last state worse than the first. But these are risks that the present student generation seems willing to run, and I for one salute them for it. When I describe them as a revolting generation — meaning a generation that revolts — I do so with admiration, not dismay. And I would ask you to remember, by contrast, the term that was used to describe the college generation of the early '50s. This was the era of "the silent generation," of the students who wanted to play it safe. They knew that "speaking out" or espousing causes meant trouble with Congressman Velde or Senator Joseph McCarthy; it meant getting your name in the wrong file in Washington; it meant finding yourself too "controversial" to be a good employment risk — with the result that it was much more convenient not to have opinions, or if you did have them, not to voice them publicly.

That was a time of great moral crisis for our country, and the revolt of our sons and daughters from safe and platitudinous conventionality is, particularly by contrast, to be interpreted not as a sign of moral degeneration, but of moral health. You may feel that the present generation has become too vocal, or that the moral issues on which student revolt is focused sometimes get a bit fogged. (At least at Stanford, we haven't had students parading across White Memorial Plaza with four-letter words on their placards. Our

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students simply print the four-letter words in the so-called campus humor magazines.) And you may feel that sometimes the motives in all this get a bit mixed; I am sure there are some students, for whom going to Mississippi or signing a Vietnam protest is a convenient way of kicking the old man in the teeth. But I would particularly urge those of you who may be wearing psychic dentures as a result, to believe that the revolts of the present generation represent the right kinds of *basic* concerns, and that moral indignation expressing itself in action (even if the action may seem occasionally misguided) is a far healthier and more encouraging index of the success of the educational venture, than is the moral apathy exemplified in lack of concern.

Let's face it: a truly educated person *must* be a dissatisfied person. He will have been exposed to enough of the greatness of the past, and of the possibilities of the future, to remain permanently dissatisfied with the present. His vision may have come from the Old Testament prophets, or from the moral passion of Albert Camus, or from that prophet least-honored in America, Karl Marx. He may have learned of the true, the good and the beautiful from Greek philosophy, or of sin and grace from Paul and Augustine. Wherever he has gotten it, such exposure gives the student a sense of perspective in terms of which he must be willing to endure a state of permanent dissatisfaction. It is not a hankering for the past, but a creativity toward the future. And it is this dissatisfaction, I submit, that is behind the revolts in which the present college generation has been engaged. There is involved here a kind of amalgam of vision, unrest, dissatisfaction, and the desire to do something about it all. There is a recognition that we are indeed living in a revolutionary time, and that the one who denies this fact betrays thereby his own insulation and isolation from the world about him. The task of the university is not to keep a student separated from that world, but to involve him more responsibly in it. So take heart, I say, when our sons and daughters care enough to revolt. What should chill our hearts would be their silence, not their action.

. . . not a hankering for the past . . .

An address to the parents of the Class of '65, Stanford University.

Letters:

MOSTLY SCHEER DELIGHT

Sirs:

I wish to offer my congratulations to RAMPARTS for its courageous and enlightened appraisal of the Vietnamese situation. In particular the reports of Robert Scheer deserve especial commendation. His analysis has the quality of rationality about it so lacking to the official pronouncements of the administration — of a man supposedly given to "reasoning together."

Donald J. Sullivan, S.J.
Loyola Seminary
Shrub Oak, New York

Sirs:

You are quite right in underscoring the fact that "the virgin issue in our Vietnam policy is a moral one," and RAMPARTS is the only publication, to my knowledge, that has given it so unmistakenly clear and forceful a statement. It is grievous to note that our religious community and its leaders have, on the whole, maintained virtually total silence on this most vital issue.

The July number of RAMPARTS should be in the hands of all Americans, for the very good reason that it places in meaningful perspective the development of our tragic involvement in Vietnam, and points up what the unmerciful violence our cruel acts of war have done to the high standards of our religious faith and the lofty principles of the Founding Fathers.

John T. Find
Arlington, Virginia

Sirs:

At last after reading socialist garbage, liberal junk and dear old Time and Life for years I have found some real answers to the smelly Vietnamese outdoor latrine. Yours is the only publication to be so frank, and your writers deserve a Pulitzer Prize plus the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Diana Maslin
Boulder, Colorado

Sirs:

I get a kick out of Robert Scheer's views on Southeast Asia. Did he really go to Thailand, Malaysia or even Australia? Why doesn't he include the views of these people in his reporting? Are they too pro-Western?

Roy M. Viebacki
Chicago, Illinois

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Sirs:

Of all the reviews I have read concerning *The Making of a Quagmire,* by far the very best was Robert Scheer's. Most of the reviews in the liberal press have been mindlessly ecstatic over Halberstam's book, but Scheer is truthful, insightful and, in this day of cautious opinions, courageous. Let's have more reviews by Robert Scheer.

. . . Scheer is truthful, insightful . . .

Guy A. Caparelli
New York City

Sirs:

Your issue on Vietnam was splendid, and a most welcome addition to the tired fare on our newsstands.

Mr. Worthy's column leads me to hope that in future issues I may learn more about what is really happening in Indonesia.

Can't say, though, that I thought much of Mr. Prittie's column on England.

Looking forward to further issues.

John Holt
Boston, Massachusetts

Sirs:

I read your article "The Vietnam Lobby" in the current RAMPARTS with perhaps a bit more than the usual interest.

You referred to a book titled *The China Lobby in American Politics* by Ross Y. Koen, reputedly published by Macmillan. At the time that book was "published" I was a salesman for Macmillan.

It was a very difficult book to sell to the stores in advance of publication for one reason — almost total lack of interest on the part of the booksellers.

Several weeks before pub date I received a galley which I read with great attention. It seemed to me to be one of those books "which every thinking American should read," to use that tired encomium.

After I had read the galley we were notified by the firm that some minor changes would be made in the finished book. Then, after several more weeks and shortly before pub date, the finished book appeared.

. . . shortly before pub date . . .

Very soon after I got my copy, frantic notes from the publishing house notified me to send it back. The few stores which had already been shipped were asked to return the book, as were the reviewers who had been sent copies. No explanation was forthcoming, but some prying on my part elicited a letter from one of the office personnel with instructions to immediately burn said letter after reading — and for God's sake, to get the book back pronto.

The gist of the letter was that the publishing house had been threatened with suit by the Nationalist Chinese government if publication was not halted. There weren't many particulars, except a reference to one paragraph, which I believe was in the galley, but not in the finished book. That paragraph said that the Nationalist government on Formosa had connived in the smuggling of opium onto the Red mainland. The writer of the letter cited this to me as an example of what the Nationalists had objected to.

The point seemed to be that the documentation, supposedly obtained from United States Department files, was no longer in the files.

Like a damn fool I hustled my copy back to the firm. I think it would be factual to say that the book was never officially published. Most of the books never got out of the warehouse, and the few which were shipped were either returned to the publisher or found their way into the stacks of university libraries. A friend of mine in the used book business recently sold a copy to a university library for $50.

. . . the power of Chiang . . .

You may already know more about this publication imbroglio than I do, but it is quite a comment on the power of Chiang. We could hear those chains rattling all the way from Formosa. Chiang may be a paper tiger, but evidently his growls were enough to scare off one of the largest publishing firms in the country.

Name withheld

MULLS ON MILLS

Sirs:

We wondered when a publication would pay tribute to C. Wright Mills. RAMPARTS deserves many congratulations and our most sincere gratitude for a memorable and moving feature. We continue to share with you, Saul Landau, the profound loss.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Schwendinger
Iowa City, Iowa

Sirs:

What pleased and interested me most in your August issue was Saul Landau's excellent evocation of the last six months of life of C. Wright Mills. It is not easy to communicate the essence of that dynamic, perceptive, hugely impatient and ever-hungry man, born a century or more before his time, but this article succeeds

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admirably. All of us who share Mill's concern about the modern world owe Mr. Landau a considerable debt.

Robert G. Mead, Jr.
University of Connecticut
Storrs, Connecticut

GOSSAGE'S MESSAGES

Sirs:

Once again I am moved to write to RAMPARTS in high praise.

Gossage's article on Freedom of the Press is a model of what sociological analysis should be: written from a committed view, seizing on a vital issue, pointing to a decisive and feasible remedy.

The report on Father Pire's vision is more than moving. And his thought shares the same practical wisdom, joined to faith, hope and charity.

. . . real dialogue (à la Pire) . . .

Can we put the two ideas together? Can we have real dialogue (à la Pire) on one after another of the principal institutions of society (as Gossage began for the press)? Is the function of RAMPARTS not just that? Has it not already begun?

John R. Seeley
Stanford, California

Sirs:

Tho' I haven't finished my August RAMPARTS yet, I had to say "well done" to Mr. Gossage for an interesting and very informative article.

Thank you all for keeping such consistent quality in the only real "top quality" general magazine I have ever read. (By "general" I mean non-scientific.) Please keep up the excellent work, at any cost.

Ellen Shipley
Detroit, Michigan

Sirs:

The article by Mr. Howard Gossage is truly timely. We've seen a number of fine publications suffer the process of "painted whoring" he describes.

. . . advertising agency coercion . . .

I ardently wish he had the opportunity to test his notion of laying the facts of advertising agency coercion before a 3 million member (I'd anticipated, even before I read it, he meant SEP) body of readers — I'll bet that body would recognize a true friend, in his appeal!

I've been watching this business — participating in it, for thirty-five years, and lately I detect trends that frighten me.

Keep up the good work.

Jo Kotula
Morristown, New Jersey

THE PEERLESS PIRE

Sirs:

On speculation, I picked up a copy of RAMPARTS from a newsstand and found its contents rewarding and useful. The writing is of a high caliber, the makeup excellent and, best of all, the magazine has something to say. I shall recommend it to my friends.

I would especially like to commend you on your special report on Dominique Georges Pire. The extent of Father Pire's efforts makes interesting reading to be sure, but the glimpse of his philosophy that the article provided was a moving and inspiring experience. One can envy the Dominican priest because his commitment is so clear and all-absorbing to himself. Perhaps Justice Goldberg should be invited for a session at the University of Peace before attaching himself to that insolvent system of monologues that is the United Nations.

. . . Goldberg should be invited . . .

Stanley R. Strick
Seattle, Washington

Sirs:

I have read with considerable interest Bradford Daniel's article, "The Noble Vision of Father Pire," which appeared in the August issue of RAMPARTS. My congratulations to Mr. Daniel for his interesting report on Father Dominique Pire, and to your excellent staff, for making each issue of RAMPARTS a rewarding experience.

Eloise P. Deist
Fort Worth, Texas

Cover:

Barnaby Conrad is responsible for our cover. We caught up with him while he was on vacation. He was ready to go right to work, but we told him to rest up for the big effort.

Let's admit it: Pope John XXIII was a rather homely man by ordinary measure, and even Barnaby, with all his talent, could not erase that fact. John was as homely as the soil from which he sprang, but the man who launched Vatican II had a face that projected simple and unqualified love.

We told Barnaby that we wanted the portrait to reflect the late Pope's feelings as if he were alive today to see what has befallen his noble efforts for renewal and reform of Roman Catholicism. And Barnaby saw John as he has portrayed him on our cover. The simple fact of the tear, we believe, represents a great body of opinion.

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From the decree "Sacrosancta," promulgated by the Ecumenical Council of Constance (1414-1418), the fourteenth general council of the Roman Catholic Church:

"[redacted]his holy Synod of Constance, holding a general council . . . orders, decides and declares as follows: . . . being

forming a general council and

[redacted] in what concerns faith . . . and the reformation of the mentioned Church in head and members.

"The same declares that

[redacted]

the mandates, statutes and orders or prescripts . . . to be pronounced by the Holy Synod and any other legitimately assembled general council,

[redacted] with recourse also to other means of law if necessary . . ."

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1) "Mischief" of 1417

by James F. Colaianni

WHILE CHURCH HISTORIAN FATHER PHILIP Hughes deplores the "mischief" of the Council of Constance which "declared, in explicit terms, that general councils were superior to Popes," (A Popular History of The Catholic Church: Macmillan), theologian Hans Kung, a Vatican II Council Peritus (advisor to the bishops) holds that "The binding character of the decrees of Constance is not to be evaded. The whole Church and the Pope stood behind these decrees at that time with a great unanimity. Indeed, on the basis of these decrees the Church was able to settle the question of the three competing Popes and Church unity . . . was restored."

A 500-year record of contradictory decrees, conflicting legislation and a system of rationalization according to the Latin Scholastic mind, has been more a source of confusion than clarification to anyone trying to understand the Catholic Church's definitions of ecclesiastical authority. It is difficult to read the theological tomes, the Canon Law of the Church, the papal statements and the conciliatory decrees — on the primacy of the Pope, the function of an ecumenical council, and the relationship between Pope and bishops (and their relationship to the "faithful") — without sympathizing with the Church's present effort to resolve a monumental dilemma.

Canon 228, one of the 2,414 Church laws now on the books, states, "The supreme power over the universal Church lies in the ecumenical council." But in direct opposition to this in the same book of laws, is Canon 218 which reads: "The Roman Pontiff, the successor to the primacy of Saint Peter, not only has the primacy of honor but the supreme and full juridical power over the universal Church in regard to faith and morals as well as in what pertains to discipline and government of the Church which is spread over the whole world. This power is truly episcopal power, ordinary and immediate, over each and every individual church as well as over each and every shepherd and believer, and independent of any human authority."

In one of the early debates of Vatican Council II, now on the threshold of its fourth and last session, a "conservative" cardinal argued against any action involving a limitation of the Pope's powers on the ground that it would amount to a "virtual contradiction of the decisions of Vatican Council I." Said Vatican I, in 1870, "And so We teach and declare . . . that this power of jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff, which is truly episcopal, is immediate. Regarding this jurisdiction, the shepherds of whatever rite and dignity and the faithful, individually and collectively, are bound by a duty of hierarchical subjection and of sincere obedience and this not only in matters that pertain to faith and morals, but also in matters that pertain to the discipline and government of the Church throughout the whole world . . . This is the doctrine of Catholic truth; and no one can deviate from this without losing his faith and salvation."

The objecting prelate was right, of course. The teaching of Vatican I on papal supremacy is unequivocal: the Pope has absolute, supreme authority over the bishops and everyone else too, and therefore, any new decree which would in any way tamper with the absolute totality of this power would constitute a reversal of the former teaching. If the cardinal had gone one step further he would have reminded his colleagues that the teaching of Vatican I itself contradicts the prior teaching of the Council of Constance.

Before looking into the present Council's method of trying to extricate the Church from the abyss of the dilemma, it is appropriate to first answer the question, "How did it all come to pass?"

For almost 40 years before the Council of Constance was convened there were two sets of claimants to the papal chair — and finally three. All efforts to resolve the "Great Western Schism" had failed. Those interested in healing the breach were thoroughly disgusted with the succession of pretenders who impeded every effort at reconciliation, with solemn promises broken and the tactics of evasion. Finally Emperor-elect King Sigismund, who bore the title, "Protector of the Church," took the bull by the horns and summoned the hierarchy to Constance.

The Council quickly solved the problem of rival claims to the papacy: it got rid of all three contestants. John XXIII (not to be confused with the late Pope John) offered to take a bribe in exchange for quitting, but failed to make the deal and ended up in a German prison. Both he and Benedict XIII (the "Avignon Pope") were formally deposed by the Council. Gregory XII voluntarily abdicated.

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Thus the Council proceeded without any regard for papal approbation because, indeed, there was no Pope. In this context it dictated the terms of the election of a new Pope, to be established as the legitimate link in the chain of papal succession which the Church traces back to St. Peter. Finally, Odo Colonna (Martin V) was elected, and, as stated by Father Kung, "The (traditionally understood) legitimacy of Martin V and all other subsequent Popes up to the present day depends on the legitimacy of the Council of Constance and its procedure in the question of Popes."

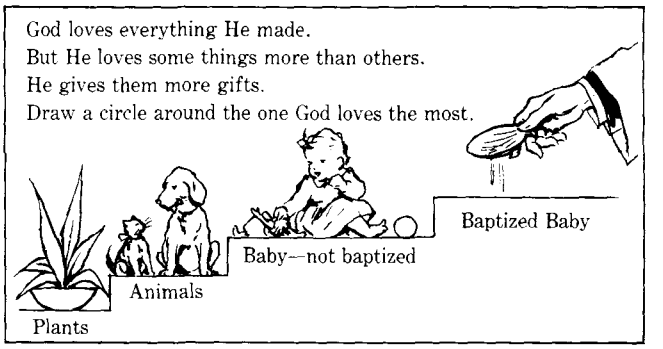
Martin V recognized the Constance decrees as binding upon him and executed them with fidelity. But he found himself caught in the middle of a power struggle between the Roman Curia (the Vatican cardinal-bureaucrats whose power depends upon the power of the Pope) and the conciliarists. Within five years it was all over. The Curia had maneuvered the papacy back into a de facto position of preeminence which constituted a practical rejection of the decrees of Constance and a deliberate evasion of the implementation of Church reform as promulgated by the Council.

In so doing the Curia touched off an effort, now five and a half centuries old, of trying to rewrite history. That the Curia was able to accomplish this incredible feat only through the "exploitation of the desires and power ambitions of individual countries and princes," is well documented in Father Kung's book. Standard theological manuals relegate the significance of the Council of Constance to the work of condemnation of the "errors of John Wyclif and John Hus." The definition of supremacy over the Pope is not even mentioned in the popular texts; the industrious seminarian who does "outside reading" becomes "suspect" if he raises serious questions concerning this dogmatic ambivalence.

Then along came Pope John and Vatican Council II. To the growing body of articulate lay Catholics, who know more theology and Church history than many of their bishops, there seemed to be reason for guarded hopes that Church leaders would introduce a new era of honesty, of candid self-examination and of free admission of past errors. Educated Catholics were becoming increasingly concerned over the ambiguities of the Church's teachings on ecclesiastical authority. But they were also experiencing more immediate concerns. Since 1870 the Church has been dominated by a school of theology which called for nothing less than total fidelity to the principle of absolute papal supremacy. Thus the Curialist mentality, which includes a fundamentalist approach to scriptural exegesis, a deep-rooted suspicion of science, and an abiding faith in an immobile theology which it presumes has "all the answers" neatly categorized and tucked between the covers of its scholarly manuals, has been directly affecting the lives of the contemporary faithful. Confessional advice, priestly spiritual direction, Sunday sermons, liturgical practices, teaching manuals — everything affecting the religious experience of the grass-roots Catholic — is a reflection of the Curialist mind.

Catholics who worry about what they see as Christian aberrations being foisted upon their children in catechism classes, enthusiastically responded to good Pope John's call to *aggiornamento* (updating). They viewed the convocation of Vatican Council II as a great symbol of hope for the Catholic Church. They identified their own value judgment with Pope John himself: that the Roman Catholic Church, with its primary emphasis on fidelity to doctrine, categorized and immobilized by the Latin Scholastic mind, was doing more harm than good for humanity. If most born Catholics were alienated from the Church (an incontrovertible fact),* if the Church was becoming less and less credible as a Divine instrument in the world (as indeed it was), if in the United States, the Church could live with racially segregated Communion rails in the South and de facto segregated churches in the North, it was because the Church had betrayed her mission to communicate the Gospel of Love of Jesus Christ, *as a way of life*, in favor of a "faith" founded on blind obedience to the purveyors of an abstract theology of fear.

This was why Pope John called the bishops of the world to Rome. And as long as his spirit prevailed so would the hopes of Catholics who were growing weary of lifting the burden of "mortal sin" from their 7-year-old children (placed upon them by institutional religion teachers), and the necessity of explaining away the catechism manual's projection of the image of the Christian God (e.g., God loves in the following order of intensity: 1) plants, 2) animals, 3) baby-not baptized, 4) baptized baby.


God loves everything He made.
But He loves some things more than others.
He gives them more gifts.
Draw a circle around the one God loves the most.
Plants
Animals
Baby—not baptized
Baptized Baby

A recent study by a group of theologians at a West Coast Jesuit seminary produced, chapter and verse, a long list of similar heresies contained in the catechisms used in American parochial schools. These same theologians enthusiastically responded to Pope John's request for grass-roots suggestions on how the Council should proceed. They produced a carefully prepared document of recommendations and transmitted it to Rome in an atmosphere of high optimism which carried through the first session of the Council. Now, as the Council moves into its final session, they have come full circle: there is only

*According to Anthony Correa, Professor of Missiology at the University of San Francisco's Institute of Lay Theology, more than two-thirds of baptized Catholics in the United States are not "practicing Catholics."

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pessimism. Like the Catholic parent who is conscientious enough and committed enough to worry about the special problems he has with his Church if he would try to help his child grow into an honest approach to religion, there is only pessimism in the hearts of these Jesuit priests.

Why? Why has the whole atmosphere changed so radically? Tensions within the Catholic community were markedly relieved during the early days of *aggiornamento*. Even the cardinals and bishops aligned on opposite sides of the "progressive-conservative" coin seemed to be able to maintain an air of good humor as they engaged in heated debate on the Council floor. More significantly, tensions between the Church of Rome and the outside world were rapidly loosening up. What caused the reversal of these happy tendencies?

There can be only one answer: Pope John died — and the power-conscious Curialists, whom Pope John had called "The prophets of doom," supervised the interment of his spirit.

"Pope John's Council" became "Pope Paul's." It was a case of the wrong man for the job. Internal tensions are mounting and the spirit of friendly rapport between the church and the world has not only stopped growing but gives daily evidence of deterioration.

In the conciliar document "De Ecclesia" (The Constitution on The Church) the Fathers of Vatican II made what admittedly was only a first step toward reconciling the contradictory decrees of the Council of Constance and Vatican I on papal vs. Council supremacy. It was based upon the theory that the work of Vatican I had not been completed in that it dealt only with the rights of the Pope, and therefore it remained for Vatican II to harmonize these rights with those of the bishops. The new Constitution on The Church reaffirmed the principle of "collegiality." The Pope is not a separate entity nor does he derive his power as such. In effect, the document says that Pope as Pope makes no sense unless his jurisdiction is derived through his membership in the college of bishops, just as the leadership of Peter makes no sense without the apostles. Although couched in ambiguous language which tries to have it both ways (i.e., *both* the Pope and the bishops have supreme authority), nevertheless it does open the door to further theological speculation and development which eventually *could* begin the process of mitigating the tyrannical rule of the Roman Curia. But with the emergence of Pope Paul as the new leader it became clear that the Constitution would not be able to effect any immediate, practical changes unless the bishops who voted overwhelmingly for its adoption (only six negative votes) were willing to stand up and be counted. It was at this crucial point that the mechanics of *aggiornamento* broke down.

Heartened by Paul's 1870 mentality, amply revealed in word and deed, the Curia cardinals increased the intensity of their "back-room" maneuverings; discouraged and disorganized, the "progressive" bishops began to back off. Paul was now being cast in the role of "consolidator" and "mediator between Curia and progressives" — and other face-saving euphemisms. Episcopal rumblings were reduced to stage whispers. Bishops' "reports to the faithful" on the progress of the Council were conspicuously few following the third session. And during this lull between third and final session the worst fears of the aggiornamentists seem to be nearing realization: Paul has allowed the Curia to take over the Council and the bishops aren't going to do anything about it.

But there is still time and opportunity. No bishop should be coerced into allowing the Church to fail again to truly renew and reform. No bishop should be willing to help add to the historical record of failure in past Councils of reform.

We live in a world that cries out for the best resources of us all for the means of survival, for a new era of peace born of love of man for man. The bishops of the world have yet the opportunity to be decisive, to follow their best instincts, to place the common good of humanity before all other considerations. They must not be misled into confusing fear with prudence; fear is fear, prudence is acting according to one's own best judgments. If the bishops hope to offer moral guidance to a sick world, the gift they bring must be the best that is in them — nothing less. Not even the Pope has the right to deny this to them and to the world. Therefore, they must be willing to risk everything for the sake of humanity if this is what it will take to purify their gift.

If the process of coercion flows from Pope Paul's implied appeal to the authority vested in him by the decree of Vatican Council I, then the bishops must be willing to reestablish their God-given rights by making an express appeal to the Council of Constance. Then perhaps the will of their own Council, as expressed in the new Constitution on The Church will begin to have immediate, practical effects. They must not permit a tyrannical power-play to force them into deliberating the problems of the world in a nuclear age as though they can be equated with "Should we or should we not eat meat on Friday?" If they fail in this respect in session number four, the Church and the world will have suffered a disastrous blow. The bishops must listen again to the voice of Pope John: "By the natural law, every human being has the right to respect for his person, to his good reputation, to freedom in searching for the truth and . . . in expressing and communicating his opinions . . ."

This should be the guiding norm for every Father of Vatican Council II.

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[Pope Paul VI]

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2) Prophet of Doom?

by James F. Colaianni

HANS KUNG: *"The power of the Pope is not absolute."*

POPE PAUL VI: *"We must remember that by himself alone the Pope possesses supreme and plenary power of jurisdiction over the entire Church."*

HANS KUNG: *"The power of the Pope is not arbitrary."*

POPE PAUL VI: *"When he [the Pope] speaks solemnly . . . he enjoys a special divine assistance . . . that makes his definitions infallible. Consequently they are irreformable by virtue of his own power, and not by consent either of other bishops or of the Church."*

HANS KUNG: *"The power of the Pope has its limits."*

POPE PAUL VI: *"The Church's present juridical structure certainly does need a few retouches, though it cannot be substantially changed."*

"POOR PAUL IS BESIDE HIMSELF; he doesn't know what to do. When will they learn to consult the whole Church on these questions?" The internationally known Catholic priest, who has easy access to top ecclesiastical inner-chambers, was describing Paul VI's state of mind as he wrestled with the "birth control problem." Two modern Popes (Pius XI and Pius XII) tried to say too much when they made blanket condemnations of any means of artificial contraception, under any circumstances. It is clear that the Church can no longer maintain this rigid position as a viable moral teaching. The problem for Paul is how to reverse the teaching without admitting that his predecessors were wrong. He began by taking the problem away from the Council and appointing a commission, heavily weighted on the conservative side, to report directly to him. As Catholic theologian Father Gregory Baum put it, "There will be no definitive statement now. The mere fact of an open debate will create a de facto situation of change. When this condition becomes sufficiently concretized, then, perhaps in five years or so, the Pope will finally make a statement to the effect that this is what we've been saying all along."

It is not surprising that Paul refused to entrust the birth control question to the Council. His intrusions on the rights of the bishops could have been predicted from a reading of his earlier writings which reveal a regimental vision of the Church.

He regards Church members as "one disciplined army" which "must depend on ecclesiastical authority" in order to participate in the Church's mission of establishing "a communion of brotherhood among all." The "layman begins to cooperate with the hierarchy . . . by engaging in a sustained study . . . of the contemporary world . . .

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under the . . . watchful eye of an expert clergy."

He seems to find it difficult to use the word "Church" in its broadest and truest sense, i.e., the community of all believers. His easy identification of "Church" with "hierarchy" or "ecclesiastical authority" is unsettling to the layman who is defined by Canon Law simply and negatively as a non-clergyman. Lacking the optimism of a Pope John, he is ever wary of the dangers lurking outside the Catholic fortress.

In answer to the question, "And to what extent are Catholics allowed to be tolerant?" Pope Paul has written: "It is for those who guide the Church to decide, because the question is extremely delicate. We shall be vigilant for fear lest our loving and respectful attitude towards non-Catholics may degenerate into an indifference, an attraction, even a desertion — for this is what happens to those who study the thought of others, are at home in a secular society, assume the customs of the world in order to better reach it, and urge toleration of dissidents so rigorously that they end by justifying the opinions of those same dissidents."

Firmly convinced that Vatican I had settled the question of papal supremacy for all time, Paul has reaffirmed the principle that "there can be no Council unless it is convened by the Pope." Although many earlier councils, including the Council of Constance, were not convened by a Pope, he dismisses the problem by asserting that all general councils have subsequently been validated by Popes. (Father Kung denies the historical accuracy of this view.)

He rejects the decree "Sacrosancta" of Constance even though his own place in the papal line of succession was established by the acts of that same Council when there was no possibility of papal approbation. Referring to Vatican Council II, Paul said, "there could have been some hesitation about this convocation of the Council . . . had there still been some doubt about a council's authority in respect to the Pope . . . But since this constitutional truth about papal supremacy in respect to a council has already been defined in the Church, the chief obstacle to holding an ecumenical council has vanished." This is Paul's way of saying that the Council has no business raising questions over his understanding of "papal supremacy." Father Kung, writing under the "imprimatur" of Cardinal Cushing, disagrees, contending that the issue is still a valid subject for debate and development.

If this were just a matter of semantics — or abstract theological debate — it would hardly merit discussion. However, it becomes a matter, not only of Catholic concern, but of a larger public concern in that many of the decisions of Vatican II will affect ordinary, real people, Catholics and non-Catholics, all over the world. For example, some 30,000 long-suffering, religiously persecuted Spanish Protestants had reason to hope that the Spanish Parliament (a tool of Catholic dictator Generalissimo Franco) would soon enact legislation to strengthen their legal position. But the proposed new laws were delayed as the result of Pope Paul's interference with the statement on religious liberty of the Vatican II bishops. The Protestants are still waiting for the right to worship publicly without breaking the law.

Since he took the reins of Vatican II in hand, Pope Paul has engendered widespread doubt concerning his full scale commitment to Pope John's spirit of *aggiornamento*. He has played the role of grand compromisor between the proponents of collegiate versus papal authority and has provided sufficient cause to believe that "compromise," in his view, means the inevitable victory of papal absolutism.

To one who views Vatican II, ideally, as an instrument for expressing the collective will of the world's bishops (including the bishop of Rome) the proceedings of sessions two and three, under the leadership of Paul VI, were mock sessions.

Weeks had been spent debating the nature of the relationship between Pope and bishop. Finally the bishops produced a document which confirmed their faith in the principle of collegiality. Pope Paul apparently saw it as a dangerous threat to his position of absolute supremacy as Pope. Without prior consultation with the Council he arbitrarily appended a statement of explanatory notes to the new "Constitution on The Church" before it came to a final vote. The appendage has the net effect of diluting chapter three of the document which stresses the collegial union between Pope and bishops. It was clear that he felt it necessary to tell the bishops what they *really* had in mind. The tragedy is that the bishops allowed it to happen.

The saga of the celebrated "Statement on the Jews" is another case of more of the same. The spectacle of grown men in red dresses actually debating the proposition that the Jews, as a people, killed God and are therefore forever divinely cursed is bad enough. But thwarting the will of the overwhelming majority to once and for all reject this insidious, traditional Catholic teaching — and to apologize for it — is even worse. The record of sessions two and three reveals that this is precisely what Pope Paul did in response to a variety of pressures, one of which was a Curia pamphlet circulated among the bishops stating that the Jews indeed are a race of deicides involved in a world-wide plot to destroy the Church. It is no secret that bishops from Arab lands were told by their governments that unless they took a strong stand against the conciliatory "Statement on the Jews," they could expect trouble when they came home. More than one observer has suggested that the Council was stalled on the "Jewish question" more out of economic considerations than for theological reasons. Vatican economy is intimately linked with the economy of Italy which in turn is affected by investments in Arab countries.

Hope that something will yet be done in session four to remove the stain of Catholic anti-semitism cannot be abandoned. But the record is clear that thus far Paul has

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imposed a policy of vacillation and postponement against the will of the Council majority. It will take more than a papal trip to the Holy Land to erase the memory of this scandal. (Protestant theologian Reinhold Niebuhr has voiced his suspicion that Paul's journey to the Holy City after the second session, with all its attendant fanfare, was "essentially a theatrical gesture prompted over the hiatus between his predecessor's splendid visions and the mediocre realities of compromise solutions.")

Paul's "Passion Sunday" public reference to the Jews as the killers of Christ tends to corroborate published reports that the "Statement on the Jews" is on the threshold of oblivion.

These same reports would have it that still another expression of the mind of the bishops is undergoing the process of Curial contamination. A clearcut statement on "religious liberty" has, from the outset, been considered an essential step toward a meaningful council of reform. Like the "Statement on the Jews," the "Statement on Religious Liberty" has been sidetracked and postponed through sessions two and three — again in direct contravention of the will of the majority of bishops, and again, only through the papally condoned back-room machinations of the Curia bloc.

No responsible Catholic needs the Church hierarchy to tell him that all people have a natural right to pursue their religious beliefs and practices conscientiously. If man does not possess this as an inviolable right then the definition of man according to the Gospel of Jesus Christ doesn't make sense. What *is* needed is a concrete affirmation of this principle by Catholic Church leaders, 1) because of the long Catholic tradition of intolerance and 2) because some powerful Curia-minded cardinals and bishops do not really believe in religious tolerance. Cardinal Browne, of the conservative wing, openly declared on the Council floor that "non-Catholics have only limited rights because they are in error from the Catholic point of view." The feeling of the conservative minority is that the proposed statement on religious liberty has a "Protestant" ring to it and that "only a very limited liberty should be allowed the religious and none at all to those who profess atheism or agnosticism." (*The Pilgrim:* Farrar Straus)

For at least some American bishops this view could not be allowed to prevail since, if nothing else, it is anti-American. When it finally became clear to them in the third session that they would again be denied the right to vote for the principle of complete religious liberty for all, American Cardinals Ritter and Meyer and Cardinal Leger of Montreal, delivered a petition to the Pope requesting that the vote on religious liberty be taken "before the end of this session of the Council, lest the confidence of the world, both Christian and non-Christian, be lost." All they got was a promise that it would be considered at the fourth and final session. There can be no doubt that the petition represented the overwhelming sense of the Council fathers. ("Pandemonium" had broken loose on the Council floor when postponement of the vote was announced.) And there can be little doubt that the petition delivered to the Pope was prophetic: "the confidence of the world" was lost.

One has to make a value judgment: Pope Paul has seriously weakened Vatican II as a council of true renewal and reform. But not all of the blame can be laid at his feet. Much of it falls on the conservatives, led by the Curia cardinals. Yet they are only a small minority. They deserve credit, at least, for the will to fight for their convictions.

It might not be inaccurate to place the heaviest burden of responsibility on the great majority of those bishops who either lacked the courage of their convictions by failing to stand up to the Pope (as the Curialists did) or, like a large segment of the American bishops, those who had no firm convictions to advance.

Whenever ecclesiastical authority has tried to say too much, people have suffered. Because the scholastic theologians felt that they had not only the duty but the competence to say everything, solve every human problem, the Church has, for centuries, been in the position of having to find a way to back off as gracefully as possible from established "traditional" positions. It would be difficult to find a Catholic adult who went through parochial school unsullied by the "cursed nation" teaching on the Jews. Millions of Catholic parents have endured untold suffering at the hands of a wicked "traditional" teaching which caused them to believe that their unbaptized, dead infants were excluded from the promise of eternal life with God and the fellowship of all men of good will. Millions of others have been tortured by the counsel that only "an act of contrition at the moment of death" could save their "fallen away" son or daughter from eternal damnation.

Such nonsense will endure if Vatican II terminates on the note of absolute domination by a Pope whose theology of supremacy precludes his entry into the 20th century. It will have done no more than open a crack in the hard wall of intransigency, at best. At worst it will go down in history as just another Christian scandal.

"The faithful, however, must not think that their pastors are either competent or called to give them an answer to all the questions, even the serious ones, and tell them what has to be done here and now; and besides, it is no wonder that even the church's magisterium, in new and very difficult questions, where it is a matter of applying the principles of current teaching to changed conditions of life, does not immediately have prompt and ready answers or solutions." (From "Schema 13"—The Church in the Modern World — on the agenda of the fourth session.)

Pope Paul would do well to keep this dictum before him as the Council reconvenes. There are those who believe that even *he* does not possess the fullness of truth on the question of papal supremacy and all that it implies.

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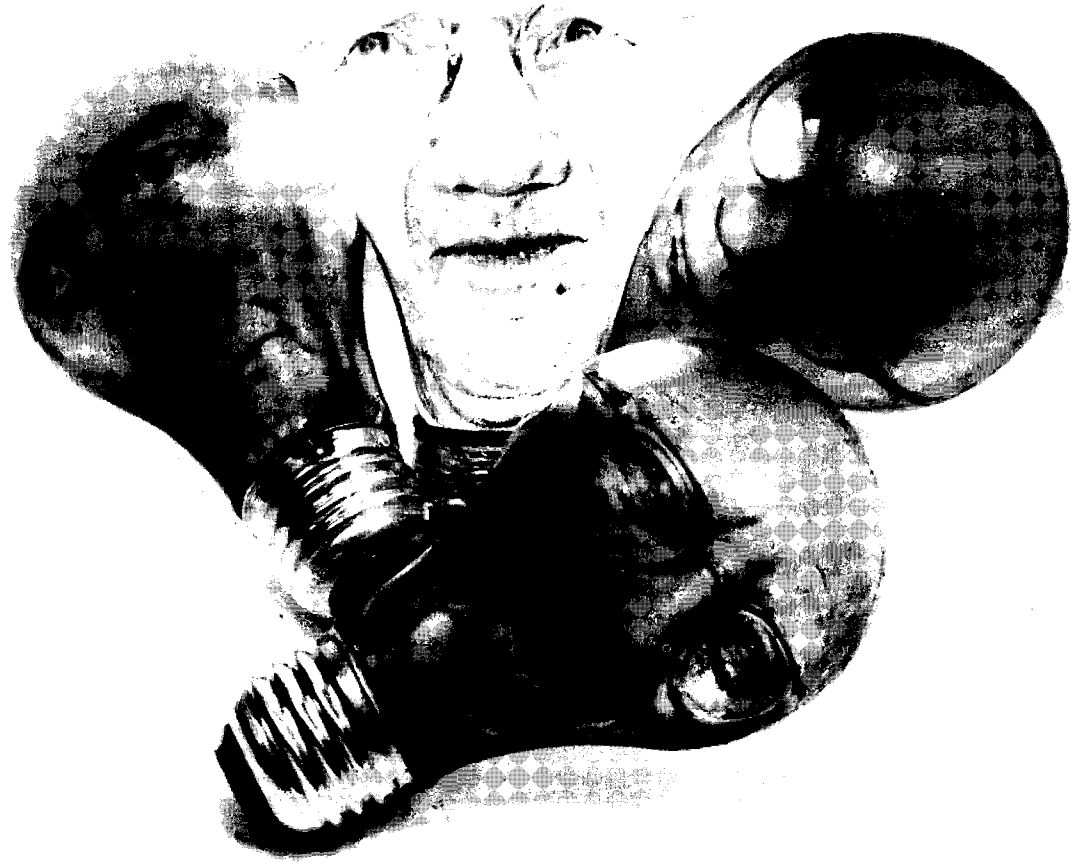
[Clockwise: Cardinals RITTER, SPELLMAN, MCINTYRE and Archbishop MCGUCKEN]



Still Life by Wilhelm Wolfhagen

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3) Puppets of Doom?

by James F. Colaianni

AT THE END OF SESSION TWO the usual evaluation of the performance of the American bishops at the Council went something like this: Few had understood, even remotely, the meaning of Pope John's call to inner renewal and reform. Few saw any necessity for a personal response. Few saw any reason to prepare themselves intellectually. Most proceeded to the eternal city under a vague impression that they had been called together for a special rendition of the usual blind obeisance to the Pope and the Roman Curia. Some seemed genuinely excited over the prospect of an historic rubber-stamping of whatever might be put before them for ratification.

The general attitude was summed up by Bishop James McNulty who, in an interview before his departure for the first session, told the faithful of his Paterson (N.J.) diocese that for him the most significant thing about the Council was the "opportunity to participate in authority."

In his book *The Open Church* (Macmillan) Michael Novak reported from Rome, after the second session, that "many of the American bishops in truth didn't know what was going on and, even when they began to suspect it, wanted no part of it. They seem to share the idea of many Americans that politics is 'dirty' . . . they still manage to retain in their thinking a theory of Christianity which separates what can be criticized and talked about from what can't . . . One archbishop admitted that it is a struggle for him to be honestly critical of the Church and especially of the Pope, even when he knows he should be critical . . . (they) seem extraordinarily given to trying to put a good face on things . . . extremely afraid of 'giving scandal' . . . they seem in general to have been sheltered for many years from criticism 'from below' and from disturbing views."

At the end of session three it was obvious that, with a handful of exceptions, nothing much had changed. Perhaps if Pope John had lived, the spirit of his open mind and heart would have had a profound, enriching effect on the American episcopacy. But this was not to be. The present mood of the American bishops is to be done with it and get back to the business of "running the diocese."

If one were to be brave enough to try to select a "typical American bishop," the choice might well be Archbishop Joseph T. McGucken of San Francisco. He enjoys his self-determined role of "corporation executive." (According to his secretary, "this is what he and most of the other bishops love to do best.") He is never critical of authority above and he resists criticism from below. He runs a tight ship, surrounded by "safe" people who constitute the break in communications between pastor and flock. He has remained remote from all theological controversy, except birth control ("the Church will never change her teaching").

His major preoccupation has been fund-raising and school-church building programs. His most common method of communicating with Catholics in his diocese is the frequent pastoral letter which almost always is an appeal for funds. He sees no anomaly between a pastoral letter calling attention to the plight of millions of poor and needy all over the world and his arbitrary assessment of some $9 million to build a pretentious cathedral. His early enthusiasm for the Council has deteriorated into a

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marked cynicism which he has been unable to conceal.

Between sessions he was an honored guest at an Episcopalian anniversary celebration. The Protestant brethren learned first hand that night that the Catholic archbishop was all for ecumenism, Christian unity, and all that. Privately, however, he revealed his honest face. "When I looked out at all those Protestant ministers and thought of the prospect of trying to get them all to act like priests, my ecumenical spirit went way down." The two monsignors present laughed with conviction.

He counsels his seminarians against reading "dangerous" books by Gregory Baum and Hans Kung; he counsels his priests against the dangers of "existentialism" as typified by RAMPARTS' Senior Editor John Howard Griffin (who has given his life over to the causes of racial justice in the United States and world peace). He angrily condemned an article by Catholic author Daniel Callahan suggesting certain changes in seminary curriculum and discipline: "What does a layman know about running a seminary," he told a large audience of priests. "We've been running seminaries for all these years. How can he claim to know more about it than we do?"

The mood of the San Francisco archbishop is mirrored in the between-sessions public utterances and overt acts of many of his colleagues:

JAMES E. KEARNEY, Bishop of Rochester:

"We know only too well that the 'opening of the windows,' as Pope John expressed it, has had some weird results. What concerns us especially is the danger of injuring the traditional sturdy confidence of our people in their faith. Extreme ecumenical writers ask us to soften the concept of heresy. Extreme modern theologians ask us to soften the concept of sin. Extreme liturgists ask us to minimize devotion to Mary and the saints.

"What aggravates the situation is that the extremist always has a good press coverage. Unfortunately, too, some of the articles appearing in so many magazines, supposedly Catholic, remind us of the words of 'Hamlet':

"The time is out of joint, O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right."

JOSEPH M. MUELLER, Bishop of Sioux City:

"Bishop Joseph M. Mueller of Sioux City has protested teachings on theological and moral matters of self-appointed experts who, he said, have created 'a general state of confusion' in the minds of many Catholics.

"Bishop Mueller said in a Lenten pastoral letter that 'the publishers, clerical and lay, who spread these pernicious theories and opinions, and in doing so pride themselves as being champions of the freedom of the press, are totally blind to their greater obligation not to scandalize God's children.'

"In spelling out the teachings to which he objected, the bishop referred to 'the many things that are being said and written about man's personality development, the understanding of his psychological process, about sexual behaviour in and out of marriage, the emphasis upon community and the de-emphasis of individual responsibility, the minimizing of sin, the stressing of God's mercy to the point of rejecting His justice and the existence of hell.

"These things, he said, 'are more than disturbing; they are frightening. How many souls have suffered major spiritual damage, formed an erroneous conscience and left the path of virtue because of such opinions, no one knows.'"
(National Catholic Reporter, July 10, 1965.)

JOSEPH P. HURLEY, Archbishop of St. Augustine:

"The Church of God has passed through severe and agonizing trials during these past few years.

"The continuing persecution behind the Iron Curtain was a tragedy in itself. This tragedy is now compounded by the storm of contention and wrangling which has broken out inside the Church.

"There has been a time of cross-purposes, of shrill controversy, of charge and countercharge. Our priests and our people were at times confused by the din of strife. Moderate voices could not be heard above the shrieking of the winds.

"Thank God the calm and reassuring voice of the Pope has now been heard. He has calmed the storm and the troubled seas are dying down.

"I, for one, express the devout hope that there may now be a moratorium, not of course of discussion, but at least on public doctrinal controversy by highly-placed persons in the Church.

"There can be no question about the seat of authority in the Catholic Church. It is the Pope, the vicar of Christ, the successor of St. Peter. The Pope, like Peter, is the rock of truth. The bishops succeed the Apostles and have their own divinely established position, as laid down in the Constitution on the Church. But the final authority in the Church is the Pope.

"To think with the Church means, in the last analysis, to think with the Pope. Where Peter is, there is the Church. Hear ye him."

ALBERT R. ZUROWESTE, Bishop of Belleville (Ill.):

"Let me assure you, these liberal thinkers and new age theologians, these liberal writers and so-called experts, who have confused you, are not the official voice of the Church. They do not comprise the teaching body of the Church and may be questioned by any member of the Church. The writer or speaker who does not express an extreme opinion gets no press coverage. Some editors are interested only in the sensational and do not publish sane and serious interpretations of the council's work.

"On the other hand, the writing and opinions of those who are considered the liberal thinkers, the new age theologians, comprise the editor's dish, and he will dish it out in bold and even exotic headlines and paragraphs. The result is doubt and confusion for the sincere Catholic.

"The source of current criticism of the Church is pride, a pride born of a desire and hope that the Church will change its divine doctrine. But sin will always be sin and virtue will always remain virtue.

"There is no need for alarm although the present moment

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may be one of confusion. It is confusion resulting from those who are attempting to usurp the teaching authority of the Church.

"*When all the decrees of the council are promulgated and the post-conciliar explanations and statements issued, then we will be in a position to judge in proper focus Vatican Council II.*"

PATRICK O'BOYLE, Archbishop of Washington, D.C.:

"*Shortly after my return from Rome, I was surprised and disappointed to read certain statements reflecting on the authority of the Holy Father which, in my estimation, were not only disparaging but untrue.*

"*In my opinion, those who hold such views do not understand the doctrine of collegiality as approved by the council. The Constitution on the Church in no place states that the Pope in any manner or respect is subordinate to the bishops, not even during the council. From the days of Peter to Paul VI the Primacy of the Roman Pontiff has been the bulwark of the stability and strength of the Catholic Church. Let us always remember that it was Peter whom Christ made the head of the Church and the faithful Catholic sees Peter in Paul.*

"*Some believe that the Church is prepared to reject some of the teachings of the past and substitute modern articles of faith adapted to present-day thinking of the secular world. For example, these persons believe that the Church may discard the doctrine of the Pope's supremacy and infallibility in matters of faith and morals, that she may downgrade the place of the Blessed Virgin Mary to the status of an ordinary good woman, and that she will stop saying that Catholicism is the one true religion.*

"*It is unfortunate some Catholics have fostered such ideas. Still more unfortunate is it that those who imply that the Church may change her doctrines in the future are regarded as great scholars and profound intellectuals from the very fact that they have something new and novel to offer.*"

Archbishop Krol of Philadelphia ordered the removal of Father Clement Burns from the faculty of La Salle College and from the archdiocese for taking part in civil rights demonstrations. The priest's contract with the college was simply ignored.

Archbishop Thomas J. Toolan of the Mobile-Birmingham diocese sent wires to several orders of nuns to advise that they were not welcome in his diocese — following the appearance of a few nuns in the Selma demonstrations for Negro equal voting rights. He said that the place for priests and sisters "is at home doing God's work." He castigated Dr. Martin Luther King for "hurting the cause of the Negro," and deplored "the injustice being done to the State of Alabama." He removed Father Maurice Ouellet from a mission parish which played a prominent role in the Negro registration drive.

James A. McNulty, Bishop of Buffalo, took clergy and laity alike by surprise in announcing that the diocese was in debt to the extent of $30 million and stirred up deep resentment by announcing a $30 million fund-raising campaign aimed at assessing each parish for a fair share — without prior consultation. The faithful learned that Bishop McNulty's predecessor (now bishop of Paterson) had deceived them as to the financial condition of the diocese. Neither diocesan priests nor laity had ever seen a financial report.

Cardinal McIntyre of Los Angeles learned that Father John V. Coffield, a 50-year-old pastor, had joined other priests in protesting the Cardinal's racial policies. Father Coffield packed his bags and went to Chicago.

Cardinal Spellman of New York made a shambles of a nice try by Pope Paul to give his ornate tiara to the poor. Spellman smuggled it into the United States and dramatically exposed it for "veneration" at the Commodore Hotel. In one fell swoop he retrieved the gift back from the poor by identifying it as a gift to the American Church. The ugly, beehive-like headpiece is now on exhibition, giving all Americans the privilege of venerating a hat. So goes the Church's war on poverty.

It is probably true to say that the American hierarchy is a fair microcosm of American Catholicism. If the majority of laymen simply don't care or lack sufficient courage to insist on true reform, a minority exists who do care and are not afraid to speak out. And if a majority of the clergy and hierarchy don't care or are afraid, there is a minority to keep hope alive.

At the top of the list of bishops who act like they do care is Cardinal Ritter of St. Louis. He has been an energetic and enthusiastic spokesman for the forces of *aggiornamento* throughout the first three Council sessions. He has respected the people of his diocese by faithfully reporting the events of the Council without undue regard for the usual face-saving platitudes. For example, he was not afraid to confirm for his people the fact that the vote on religious liberty was "stalled by the delaying tactics of a very small minority." He is participating in a plan for "diocesan renewal" submitted by a committee of priests, nuns, and laity, which calls for a renewal of "Christian life coming from the free and open expression of public opinion reaching all levels of the archdiocese," the building of "a climate that will reassure all its people of a spirit of openness and concern," and "personal involvement in which each member of this archdiocese can feel that he is taking part." The plan includes a reevaluation of "every existing group and office in the archdiocese," as part of a "Dialogue Conference" between bishop, priests, nuns and laity.

The St. Louis archdiocese has put all of its annual purchasing power (over $100 million) behind a campaign to insure the hiring of Negroes by all businesses contracting with the Church.

There are a handful of Cardinal Ritters in the United States — but only a handful out of 269. Hardly a working number capable of instilling optimism in the hearts of those who shared Pope John's vision of an updated Church, truly open to the challenge of Christian love.

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[Pessimist's Guide to THE VATICAN COUNCIL]

4) 3 Views

One: A Jew's Lament

THERE ARE RUMOURS, sufficiently abundant and various in origin as to be given heed, that at the fourth session of the Vatican Council to open this fall, the famous Declaration on the Jews, provisionally approved on November 20, 1964, will be funnelled through a new debate, softened by pressure and minority opposition, perhaps even denatured or put aside. These are rumours. Obviously they are unconfirmed nor is it important for purposes of these remarks that they be confirmed. They are an occasion for reflection on old questions.

A number of years ago an editor of the Jesuit weekly, America, wrote an editorial essay which he called "Spiritual Semites" (August 3, 1957). I read that essay, confessedly, in rage. It was rage, neither anger nor indignation. Anger explodes and the object of anger is normally well-advised to seek cover, flee or be prepared to fight. Indignation is delivered with the imperium of power, from rostrum or pulpit; it is moral more usually than physical. But rage is helpless, impotent, perhaps even a little infantile. It is sometimes, as it was in my case, an unavailing display of truth, truth in the style of the maddened Don, breaking his lance on the indomitable, stone-faced windmill. I wrote out my rage, reasoned it to the end in a responsum "Semites According to the Flesh" (The Christian Century, September 18, 1957).

I said then, I would say now, and I would urge the Fathers of the Church to acknowledge, that the bone of God — the brittle hardness of his grace — catches in the throat of living men and betimes they die because of and for that grace. So it has been with the people Israel, a community like no other in that its natural existence amid history and the nations was conjoined by God with its supernatural covenant with him. This condition has made for uncomfortable theology. But more than the discomforts of theology, it has made for a miserable history. It is intolerable to the nations of the world that they should be obliged to deal with another nation — visibly like themselves, good and bad, gentle and rapacious, charitable and unjust, while at the same time having to acknowledge that this same nation is the uniquely bonded servant of He Who Spoke and Created the World (as the Hebrew Locution has it). And how much more so when this same nation, in its own ambiguous integration of its natural life and its supernatural destiny (ordinary and extraordinary as these are) should have once, by the decision of a small minority of its community and by the instrumentality of its own oppressor, delivered to death one who believed himself to be the ransomer of *their* captivity and, in later readings of his mission, the saviour of all history. How complex. How tragic.

Not so complex and tragic if God were a simpleton, for then either Israel would have succeeded in snuffing out the early Petrine Church, reabsorbed the Nazarenes and Ebionites, and thwarted Paul in the Diaspora or else the Church of Jesus Christ would have converted all Israel and the lambs would have gone off united to persuade the wolves who survive to this day. But God, however his silences and abscondite shyness, is no simpleton. He left the Church a panoply of power (and she who despised power once now rules with vast power) and Israel a dogged tenacity which has to this day, with cunning spirit and no power, endured — *endured, endured.* It should be recalled that God is more mysterious than either Church or Israel.

And so in this special time, the Church is asking itself *what* question? Alas, not the question it has asked. It is not asked by my Jewish self that the Church exonerate me and my brothers of deicide. This is a nonsense question. Who kills a God, *the* God, unless he be some minor Osiris we want annually shuttled betwixt quick and dead to aid crops or productivity. No. No. Let that God be God, Son of God, whatever, however. If Israel has slain a God, it has slain a fiction and history reads fiction by fashion. But if he was God and the Church wishes Israel to bear witness to God for its crime, for the sake of heaven stop killing our flesh and address our spirit. But all decretals, announcements, declarations on *my* ancestors' murder of *your* God won't do. Must I not laugh at such declarations and more, must I not laugh six million times, or even twice or three times six million for my new-found innocence.

It is Jewish tradition that at midnight each Jew should rise from his bed in the seasons of mourning and at the New Moon and, putting on sackcloth on his body and ashes on his forehead, should sing dirges of lament and sorrow that the Temple is no more and that the Divine Presence, alone as he is himself, should be a wanderer in the world. Bishops: Jews say this at midnight, alone and unobserved by press and the machinery of power. Our guilt and sadness is ours. But yours is yours and it is a guilt and sorrow of your visible power. I have no opinion of that guilt or of the extent of that sorrow, other than compassion or, perhaps, in the infinity of ironies, a laughter that you must one day hear.

Throughout the liturgy of the Day of Atonement the prayer "Our Father, Our King" is repeated. Near its close the extraordinary phrase appears: "Accept our prayer for your own sake, if not for ours." Fathers: for your own sake, if not for ours. —*Arthur A. Cohen*

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Two: A Catholic's Foreboding.

EVER SINCE THE TRAGIC RUPTURE of Christendom in the sixteenth century, the Church of Rome has lagged far, far behind the rest of the world. Isolated, defensive, blustering, authoritarian, the Church lived an antiquated existence behind the walls of its intellectual and spiritual fortress. Possessed of a pride without justification, the Church peered at the rest of the world with disdain, while holding its people in a spiritual, intellectual and psychological bondage that resembled the Babylonian captivity of the Jews.

But World War II, with all its horrors, crumbled the fortress walls, exposing the spiritual bankruptcy of the Church for all the world to see. The faith was buried under the rubble of mendacity, privilege, hollow syllogisms, monarchism, authoritarianism, and all the other shibboleths that conspired to separate man from man and, more significantly, man from God.

So John called a Council. And Paul will close it. Whose spirit will be dominant?

Paul has made it clear that he is not above tampering with the actions and decisions of the Council Fathers. He intervened in the third session in behalf of the Chapter on the Missions. And, for his efforts, he was badly beaten in the voting. Unilaterally, he changed the wording of certain critical passages that had been written by the Fathers. While accepting the *fait accompli* of collegiality, he has stated that a continuous senate of bishops is unworkable and that he will work with the Curia. The Council prepared a statement on the Jews, but Paul's Passion Sunday homily, plus the subsequent rumors and counterrumors, leave grave doubt as to the demise of at least implicit anti-semitism in the Vatican. The world is delighted that Paul is the most traveling Pope in history, but whither is he traveling?

It becomes increasingly clear, with the passage of time and with each new gesture of the Pope, that he wants done with the Council. He wishes to rule the universal Church in the style of Pius XII and all those who make a false identification of the neo-scholastic interpretation of the Council of Trent and Vatican I, with the Church universal. The spirit of Pope John sounded the death knell to a school of theology which could not relate to the real world; the spirit of Paul leaves the door open to the possibility of a miracle at the wake.

The key is Schema 13, The Church in the Modern World. Or rather, the revised Schema 13. The original 13 was essentially a progressive document in that it shook off the mantle of Roman certitude and substituted for it the extraordinary admission that the Church simply does not have the answers to certain questions, e.g., family planning. In brief, the tone was liberating, not restrictive.

The revised Schema may be something else, but time alone will tell what it contains. On this hinges everything else. It is pointless to change the liturgy, or proclaim collegiality among the bishops and the Pope, to say nothing of issuing a Decree on Communications (how this dreadful document could be worthy of a solemn Council is beyond credibility), unless one relates all this to the real world.

There are four critical issues that must be resolved before we can conclude that Church authority seriously intends to enter into the modern world as a full participant: 1) thermonuclear war, 2) artificial birth control, 3) religious liberty, and 4) the Statement on the Jews.

Of all the issues before the Council the one that warrants not even a scintilla of equivocation is that of thermonuclear war. Notwithstanding those bishops whose homelands manufacture hydrogen bombs and affiliated weapons, *every* member of the Council thoroughly understands the Church's traditional criteria for a "just war," whatever that means. Actually the Church, before Constantine, abstained from war, and its people refused to serve in the military. But somehow the Church became more practical once it had achieved respectability and so it developed its criteria for a "just war." However that may be, there can be no argument over the inapplicability of those criteria in today's world. To argue contrarily is to engage in the terrible sophistry that unleashed Hitler's hordes and allowed millions to enter gas chambers amid the thunderous silence of Christendom. No. There is no possibility of justifying such war. And the Council must condemn it without reservation.

Not only must the Council condemn thermonuclear war, it must, at last, condemn all wars of the kind that produced the fire storms of Hiroshima, Hamburg and Dresden. There is no moral distinction to be made between thermonuclear bombings and "conventional" indiscriminate massacring of hundreds of thousands of innocents.

Religious institutions founded on the principle of life in greater abundance and the admonition "thou shall not kill" have no business assuming the role of apologists for "modern" warfare.

The Church universal must minister to all men. And this can only be done, in the present context, by at least declaring itself opposed unequivocally to war, and in support of the right of men to live lives unfettered by the fear of annihilation by the state.

There is an oft repeated objection to the Church taking such a stand: It will produce no results. This is the most wretched argument of all, for it assigns to the Church the role of the political state, necessarily formulating and implementing policy on pragmatic grounds. It is time the Church stopped playing the game of international politics. Her essential mission is to proclaim the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The Good News will not be received as such by a world which hears it proclaimed by Machiavellis.

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Regarding artificial birth control, the Church is hoist with its own petard. Acting out of ignorance, it proclaimed artificial contraception as against natural law (something that was once the basis for a blanket condemnation of lending money at interest). But the foundation of this natural law theory has proved to be so flimsy that no one, from the most learned theologian to the ordinary Catholic couple, can take it seriously. The original Schema 13, with remarkable candor, stated that the Church did not have the answer to every question, including this one, and that the matter (note that it is not a question of technique) of family planning must be left up to the individual couples themselves who, aided by the greater knowledge of their own circumstances, and further aided by prayer and counsel, are the only ones qualified to arrive at an answer.

This is most extraordinary and should give the Church high marks for honesty. But since the Pope has set up a commission independent of the Council to study and recommend, and since Schema 13 has been revised, no one can say definitely what will be the outcome. However, this is beside the point presently being made. The point is that Popes, bishops, and all the rest of us must be capable, when appropriate, of admitting that we have been wrong about something. Anyone familiar with encyclicals, allocutions, and everything that emanates from the Vatican or the local chancery, realizes that Roman Catholics cannot adjust to the idea that they might be in error. It is as if such an admission would destroy the Church. This simply is not true. In fact, the Church could do with a little human frailty. We are past the age of certitude; we are in the age of suffering. As Catholic theologian Hans Kung suggests, Church authority must get used to understanding that truth, in the real order of things, is always an approximation — every "truth" contains a kernel of "error", every "error" a kernel of "truth."

Clearly, the teachings of Pope Pius XI and Pope Pius XII on artificial contraception contained more error than truth. All that remains is for Church authority to admit it. Somehow, in this harried age, the Church must learn humility.

Nothing will prove more disastrous than the Council equivocating on religious liberty. This is the ultimate test before the Council and the Church, for a bold honest declaration on religious liberty will give conclusive evidence to the world that Church authority is abandoning a centuries-old policy that subordinates individual conscience to the conscience of the Pope and the Roman Curia. Under Canon Law, the primacy of individual conscience is explicitly set forth; under the Popes and bishops it is denied.

Here again, political pragmatism is the great danger. To the extent, for example, that the statement on religious liberty represents appeasement of the dictator of Spain and Spanish bishops, to that extent the Council and the Church are debased. The question might well be asked: Just what is there to debate over in affirming the primacy of conscience? The basic commitment to the Gospel is to express one's love for God through love of fellowman. Love can neither be coerced nor guaranteed by a call to blind fidelity to a set of abstract doctrines.

Finally, there is the business of the Jews. A statement was prepared in the third session of the Council and unofficially promulgated to the world, but, as everyone knows, not promulgated by the Council, a circumstance about which we can all be profoundly thankful since this gives the Council at least one more opportunity to redeem itself in the eyes of all men. This statement is unworthy of promulgation, as is the one prepared by a special seven-man commission appointed by Pope Paul. While the original statement was a juridical act of "forgiveness," the proposed new statement is a saccharine rehash of the spiritual "bond" that exists between Old Testament Jews and New Testament Christians. Whereas John XXIII sought to end countless centuries of anti-semitism, the third session of the Council, acting with computer-like mentality and with a political eye on the Arab states, frustrated John's intent by absolving the Jews. From what, one cannot say.

This is what it is about. *We* are the guilty ones, not the Jews. Instead of "forgiving" the Jews, Christians should turn to every Jew who has existed under Christian barbarism in the past, and every Jew who lives today and say, finally, "forgive us for what we have done." This is the statement that should be promulgated, not that contemptible thing concocted in the third session, nor that foppish statement proposed by Paul's special commission.

If the tentative conciliar text on Jewish-Christian relations is promulgated, it can be readily expected that Jews will be just as offended as they were by the third session's statement, since, in its own way, it is equally insulting and, what is even worse, denigrating of a great religious people. Such proud statements as "Indeed, the Church believes that by His Cross, Christ, our Peace, reconciled Jews and Gentiles, making both one," are merely reflective of Catholic triumphalism, and in no way aid any efforts toward the reconciliation of all men.

These, then, are the four vital issues facing the Council. And how they are determined will affect the course of history for many years to come. There is no room for equivocation or moral ambivalence. Man is of a piece and so is the world. We are not fragmented so that damage to one is isolated. Damage to one is damage to all.

What must come from this eleventh hour is peace, peace based upon justice. But neither peace nor justice can exist without love. And that is why these four issues are so critical; they can prove to be an awesome manifestation of love for all, or they can prove to be the rock on which mankind stumbles.

Which will it be? Who knows? It all depends on whose Council it turns out to be — John's or Paul's. We can only wait and see — and pray. —*Edward M. Keating*

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Three: A Protestant's Disenchantment

> *You stiff-necked people, uncircumcised in heart and ears, you always resist the Holy Spirit. As your fathers did, so do you.* (Acts 7.51)

A PROFOUND DISENCHANTMENT now besets many non-Roman Catholic Christians about the Vatican Council.

Though realistic about the apostasies of their own churches, some non-Romans had looked, perhaps too idealistically, to the Council for an ecumenical initiative to which they could honestly respond. John XXIII had, of course, inspired their hope because he embodied an integrity seldom beheld anymore among Christians of any sort. Because of John's witness, because of John's transcendence of sectarianism and religiosity, because of John's evident love for the world, because of John's mature humanity, many of us who are not Roman Catholics had held radical hopes for Vatican II. Because of John, some of us even considered that we would see a day when we could conscientiously return to Rome.

Disappointment now displaces hope, however, when one assesses the realities of Vatican II on those issues which most seriously relate to the reunion of the Church of Christ: the Jews, religious liberty, papal infallibility and Mariology.

As to each of these divisive issues, the Council seems more inclined to find political as distinguished from theological solutions.

The most poignant issue concerns the Jews. It is now uttered most reliably that the Schema freeing the Jews from responsibility for the death of Christ has been dropped from the agenda of the final session of the Council. The disappointment here is not simply the evasion of the issue, evidently in response in part to political pressures from the hierarchy in Arab nations, but, much more than that, the failure of the proposed Schema to state a biblically responsible position in the first place. There is no occasion, if the biblical authority is respected, for Christians nowadays to issue statements "exonerating" contemporary Jews for the crucifixion of Christ. Such pronouncements by Christians are wholly gratuitous and theologically ridiculous. What Christians *do* need to affirm is that the Jews, both today and in earlier times, are indeed God's chosen people, the ambassadors for God among all nations, the pioneers of salvation, a holy nation, and that precisely, in that vocation, the Jews are in all events — in exile and persecution, in fidelity and apostasy, in good times and in misfortune — the representatives of all mankind. Thus, it is not the case that the Jews are blameless for the execution of Christ; it is not the case that only some few Jews long ago are responsible for Good Friday; it is not the case that, though guilty, the Jews should *now be forgiven the crucifixion* as a convenience to pluralism. *The Jews are guilty of Christ's death.* All Jews, for all time, are guilty, but, in their guilt, the Jews are the representatives of all men throughout all time. *All men are guilty of Christ's death.*

That is the biblical viewpoint and it is that which needs to be proclaimed by Vatican II and acknowledged by every Christian and, in the end, by every man.

At the same time that the Schema on the Jews appears to have been abandoned, the statement on religious liberty has been strengthened and improved, and it appears certain to be deliberated and adopted. Is this some gesture to appease the consciences of the Church fathers for neglecting the Schema on the Jews? Is this to be the means of innocuous compromise between the so-called liberals and the Curia conservatives? It would seem so, for any statement on religious liberty by Christians which is not associated with a lucid and biblically responsible statement on the Jews is just so much empty rhetoric.

The issue of papal infallibility is, for all the commotion about it, one about which conscientious Protestants should have little difficulty, if the Council has the fortitude to make the point theologically sensible rather than to fall back upon appeals for ecclesiastical monarchism. Theologically, the issue is quite straightforward: the Word of God is an event in this world which has an objectivity and substance which can be discerned and bespoken by human beings. The Pope, when he speaks of the Gospel, speaks under the discipline of this objective Word of God, and thus speaks infallibly. To that let it only be added and remembered that every single Christian suffers the same discipline in his own witness to the Word of God.

Evidently that most delicate issue, regarding Mary, the mother of Jesus, is to be also neglected by the Council, though, without clarification of the doctrine of Mary, there is no hope at all for the reunion of the Church. Here, of course, a non-Roman Catholic like myself hopes for a better reliance upon the authority of the Bible in understanding Mary. If recourse is had to the New Testament, Mary emerges as one who was both extraordinarily possessive toward her Son and consistently opposed to His vocation. Mary was, according to the Gospels, an ordinary human being, a typical mother, and that truth only magnifies her dignity in bearing Jesus as a Son without any need to surround her image with fairy tales and superstition.

Alas, in all of these realms, barring the intervention of the Holy Spirit, Vatican II seems certain to compromise theology for the sake of politics and, thus, to guarantee the future of a divided Christendom.—*William Stringfellow*

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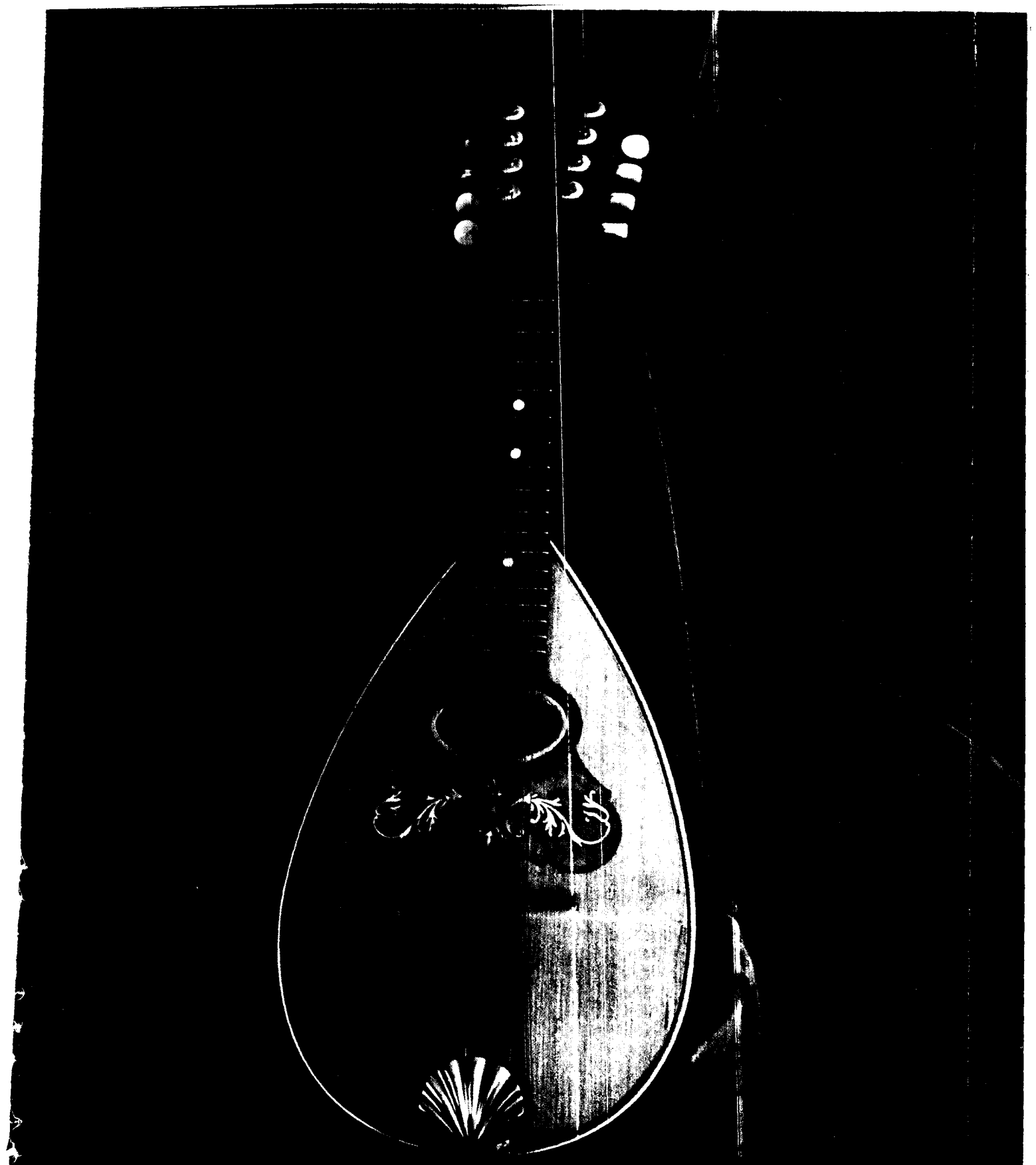

A hard day's knights

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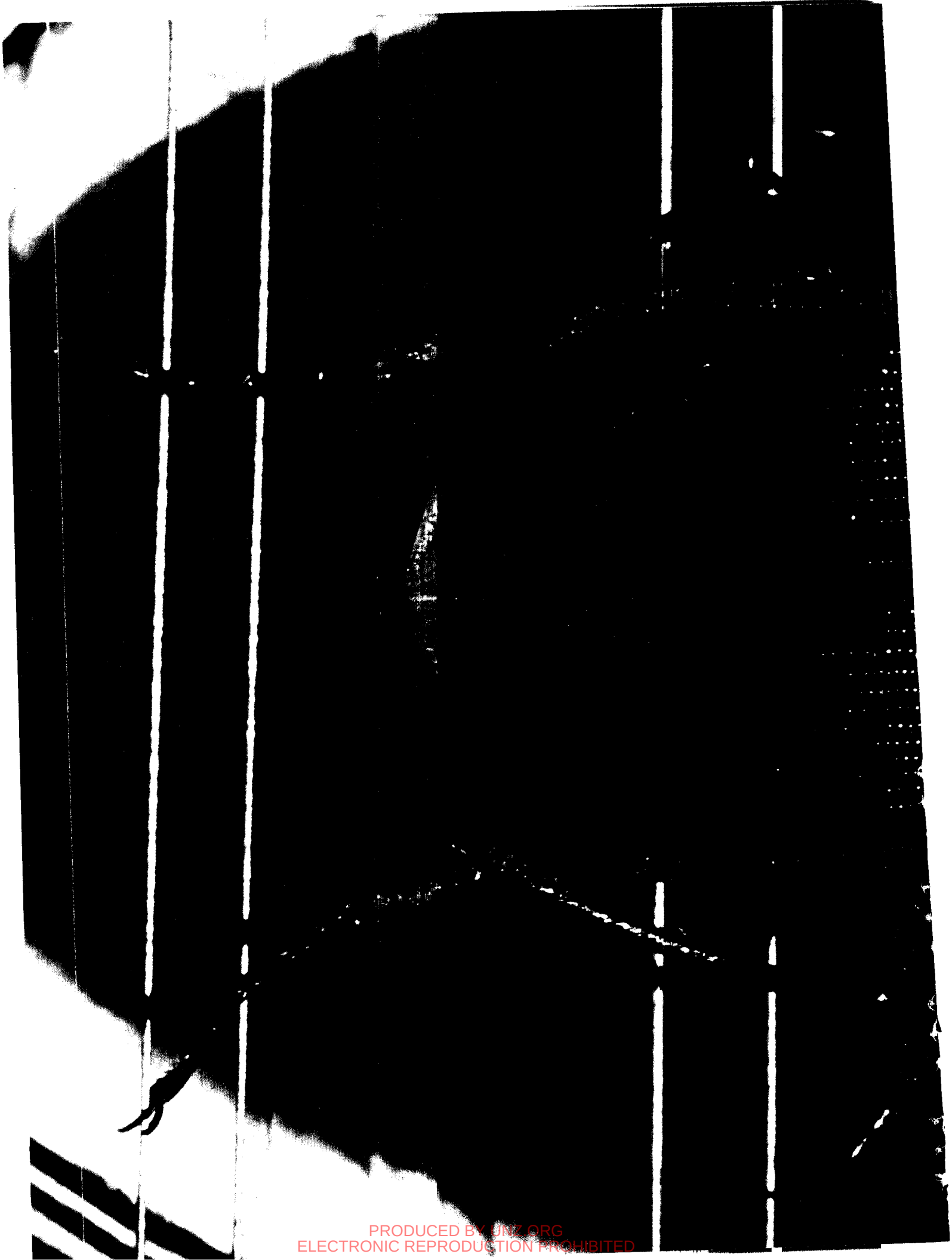

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CHILDHOOD AND DEPENDENCY

When the world is reduced to a single dark wood
for our four eyes' astonishment,
— a beach for two faithful children,
— a musical house for our pure sympathy,
— I shall find you.
Rimbaud, *Illuminations*

Childhood is our goal. Concomitant with being a child exists the pleasure one gets from playing and the intolerable displeasure one gets from realizing one's dependency on others. Thus the Beatles play on the rugby field in that most pleasurable scene which you want to see again and again. Four boys mock space and time — the sequence lasts under three minutes — as they play to "Can't Buy Me Love." Every moment seems spontaneous and joyful. Actions and movements are speeded up and slowed down. What we see is how we truly wish we felt or remember how we once felt or how we once wanted to feel. "Genital organization is a tyranny in man because his peculiar infancy has left him with a lifelong allegiance (i.e., fixation) to the pattern of infantile sexuality" (Norman O. Brown). If this is correct, why does the playing terminate? After that beautiful scene of exhaustion when the Beatles — lying on the grass, hands under their heads — count or talk silently to themselves? The answer is that 1) Mr. Genital Reality orders them off his field; and that 2) the Beatles have a TV rehearsal waiting for them. They have escaped from their duties: no job, no "Money" — which song comments obversely on that working-day world situation which "Can't Buy Me Love" attempts to fantasize away. The balding TV director ("It's a young man's business") depends on the manager who depends on the Beatles who depend on both, even when they do not wish to admit it. When Ringo gets led astray by the clean old id man, he assumes independence, and, in the tramp sequence, appears comic to us — the Bergsonian object-butt — but we have lost our goal, we laugh at the child in us now. The jokes are on Ringo, but he does not enjoy them. For the Beatles are boys, not bums, and they try their best not to "grow up."

REACHING OUR GOAL, OR GOODBYE TO BAUDELAIRE'S OWLS

Such was that happy Garden-state
While man there walked without a mate.
Marvell, *The Garden*

Thus *A Hard Day's Night* does not, in Keats' words, unperplex bliss from pain; still, it strives honorifically towards our longed-for goal of childhood by focusing on the four boys in action. The great Sung neo-Confucianist philosopher Chu Hsi wrote: "Nature is the state before activity begins, the feelings are the state when activity has started . . ." The verb "to act," in fact — which, in a general sense, means "to begin," "to lead," and eventually "to rule" (from the Greek *archein*) and also "to put in motion" (from the Latin *agere*) — suggests the Beatles' style of life. Their actions and their songs are impelled not from what they know but from what they are — from feelings rather than from states of mind. Boys and girls are naturally active, and it takes a bit of acculturation before they become bored, depressed, and hung-up. Talking at press conferences, taking a bath, dancing, singing, playing cards, running in and out of jail (even the car thief and the cops become game-playing boys again — society's standards are demolished) — all these actions are invested with pleasurable feeling. The Beatles need only themselves for their own

CALOSOMA SCRUTATOR (BEETLE)

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Photographs by Jim Culberson

by Jonathan Cott

INTRODUCTION

"Come Balthazar, we'll hear that song again."
Don Pedro in *Much Ado About Nothing*

The surprise of the Beatles' film is that you need to see it again and again. A friend of mine met a WAC who had seen it fifty-two times: she was standing in the lobby of a movie theater, waiting out the second bill until the Beatles would come for her fifty-third. I have seen *A Hard Day's Night* five times and I will see it again. What does my, and perhaps your, repetition-compulsion mean? Great films like *Ivan the Terrible (Part II), Day of Wrath, Pickpocket, Rules of the Game* — these are movies you see many times. The Bogart, Mae West, and Tarzan fans remain entranced with their idols after innumerable viewings. And films of negligible quality such as *One Eyed Jacks* have their devotees: one friend has seen the western twelve times. But the *Hard Day's Night* syndrome is hardly cultish or eccentric. The second-run showings are usually packed with persons seeing the film for the third or fourth time. It is not unusual for you to return to one of the great films three or four times when you consider their technical quality and emotional power and your newer awarenesses of this power. But there is a law of diminishing return here; after the fourth viewing of Becker's *Nightwatch* or Olmi's *The Fiancés,* you rest for a while before you return. I suppose you need them just so much, even as you realize their magnificence. The question is: why do we need *A Hard Day's Night* so much that we keep showing it as often as we do?

NAKED

Undrape! you are not guilty to me, nor stale nor discarded,
I see through the broadcloth and gingham whether or no,
And am around, tenacious, acquisitive, tireless,
and cannot be shaken away.
Whitman, *Song of Myself*

On hearing the girls' screaming, you would imagine that the gods of fire, dawn, night, and thunder were manifesting themselves: "Let us adore this Wind with our oblation." But the girls scream so that they do not tear the Beatles' clothes off, for by screaming they alert the police who in turn set cordons up to block them from their desire. The Beatles have come running from the Garden: "I heard Thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself." The girls think Adam's words. They are naked under their sweaters and skirts and desire to become one flesh with the undressed Beatles. So they are ashamed of this desire and scream loudly enough to be enjoined from their wish. *A Hard Day's Night* tempts us with the excruciating hope that, when we see the film again, this time, surely, we shall see the four boys naked.

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I be tonight?" — all these observed events heighten Dreyer's outraged sense of the flesh, all the more heightened as they contrast with Joan's saintliness. And yet her face, revealing all the confusion and suffering, is the most excruciating of physical facts. ◂ The Beatles' faces and the parts of their faces, however, are the exultantly observed images — if not the heroes — of *A Hard Day's Night*: eyes, noses, hair, teeth. The image of a hand caressing a guitar, first seen on the studio's TV screen, is as close to suggesting a sense of sexual love as the film allows and so eerily reverberates with more force than had it been employed in a different context — say in an Italian comedy, where everyone is touching. The surprise and exhilaration you feel is similar to how you feel at that beautiful moment in Kurosawa's *High and Low* when you first see the kidnapper in his white clothes — as if he were a princess — reflected in the stream of the Tokyo slum. ◂ Then, too, there are the faces of the girls and women. Their faces reveal as much about them as the humours reveal the characters in Jonson's plays. Just a second's sight of them unimaginably expresses the essence of girlhood. As the Beatles sing on TV, you see the girls in the audience, eyes dilating, each one unique from any other in her ecstasy and the force of her early but veritable sexuality. And if the girls seem womanly, the women seem girlish: the wonderfully shy creature talking to Ringo at the press conference, the women dancing at the party, the sexy secretary putting on her shoes who leads George into the shirt designer's office. The Beatles enable the women to become girls; the girls, women — even if only for a moment or the length of a song.

ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC, OR AT CH'U HILL WHEN THE RIVER STOOD STILL

And we sail on, away, afar,
Without course, without a star,
But, by the instinct of sweet music driven;
Till through Elysian garden islets
By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
Where never mortal pinnace glided,
The boat of my desire is guided:
Realms where the air we breathe is love,
Which in the winds and on the waves doth move,
Harmonizing this earth with what we feel above.
Shelley, *Asia's Song* from *Prometheus Unbound*

Let us take a roundabout path by examining a beautiful ancient Chinese folk song:

I heard my love was going to Yang-chow and went with him as far as Ch'u Hill. For a moment, when you held me fast in your outstretched arms I thought the river stood still and did not flow.

The sense of stillness and gentleness of the poem's statement brings out the superficial stillness of the emotion the girl says she feels. For there is no sense of passivity here. Rather, the mind and its experiences have been undifferentiated and everything is bursting out from a single source. The past and future combine, with time superseded, so that the present moment becomes eternal. Everything which is flowing remains rooted in this eternal present so that the stillness she feels, while everything is flowing within that stillness, is a bliss and joy that cannot be expressed, only suggested, which this song does so magnificently. ◂ Rock and roll songs almost always last under three minutes. The

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resources. Most important is the fact that each Beatle makes an ideal of himself; and that is why we suddenly realize in amazement that the Beatles sing love songs like "If I Fell" and "I Only Want to Dance with You" only to themselves. "You" means "me" in these songs. There is no "other," but they can say "we" to themselves and to each other. The Beatles' state of nature — to refute Chu Hsi for a moment — is just this state of self-idealized and self-absorbed activity. The Beatles pinch chorus girls backstage, they get married, but that is, as Gatsby said, "merely personal." It doesn't matter. The Beatles' songs are full of feeling because the Beatles like to sing; but it is the singing that is important, for the "feeling" is the state when the singing has started. The girls are screaming, but, as one of the pupils of Heraclitus said perhaps, is this screaming not part of the song?

LOVE

". . . . dearest M/ please come.
There is no one here at all."
Robert Creeley

The Beatles love what they do, so they love themselves. The screaming girls love the Beatles, and the Beatles are the receptacle or container of their love. They also resemble the Greek god of love, in the sense that Kierkegaard speaks of him:

> It is a genuine Greek thought that the god of love is not himself in love, while all others owe their love to him. If I imagined a god or goddess of longing, it would be a genuinely Greek conception, that while all who knew the sweet unrest of pain or of longing, referred it to this being, this being could know nothing of longing.

But the Beatles not only embody love, they are the Incarnation of Love. As Kierkegaard writes:

> In the Incarnation, the special individual has the entire fullness of life within himself, and this fullness exists for other individuals only in so far as they behold it in the incarnated individual. (From *Immediate Stages of the Erotic*)

The Beatles are as extraordinary as they are because they not only represent Love but also contain the "entire fullness" of Love within themselves. They are thus an embodiment and container of Love, and they are also the Love which they contain. There is no one there at all but themselves.

PHYSICALITY

Should time be gone,
and all that is impermanent a mere lie?
Nietzsche, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*

It has been observed that *A Hard Day's Night* is not strong on plot. This is of course true. But it is not jokes — "campy," anti-Nazi, anti-cops — as good as they are that hold your interest. Rather it is the director's total dependence on showing the physical immediacy of the events and persons observed that generates the film's excitement and pleasure. I can think of no major feature film other than Dreyer's *Passion of St. Joan* that emphasizes the physical fact in such an unmitigated fashion. In Dreyer's film, the fly on Joan's eye, the warts on the interrogator's face, the cripples hanging around, the child sucking the mother's breast just when Joan, about to die, says: "Where will

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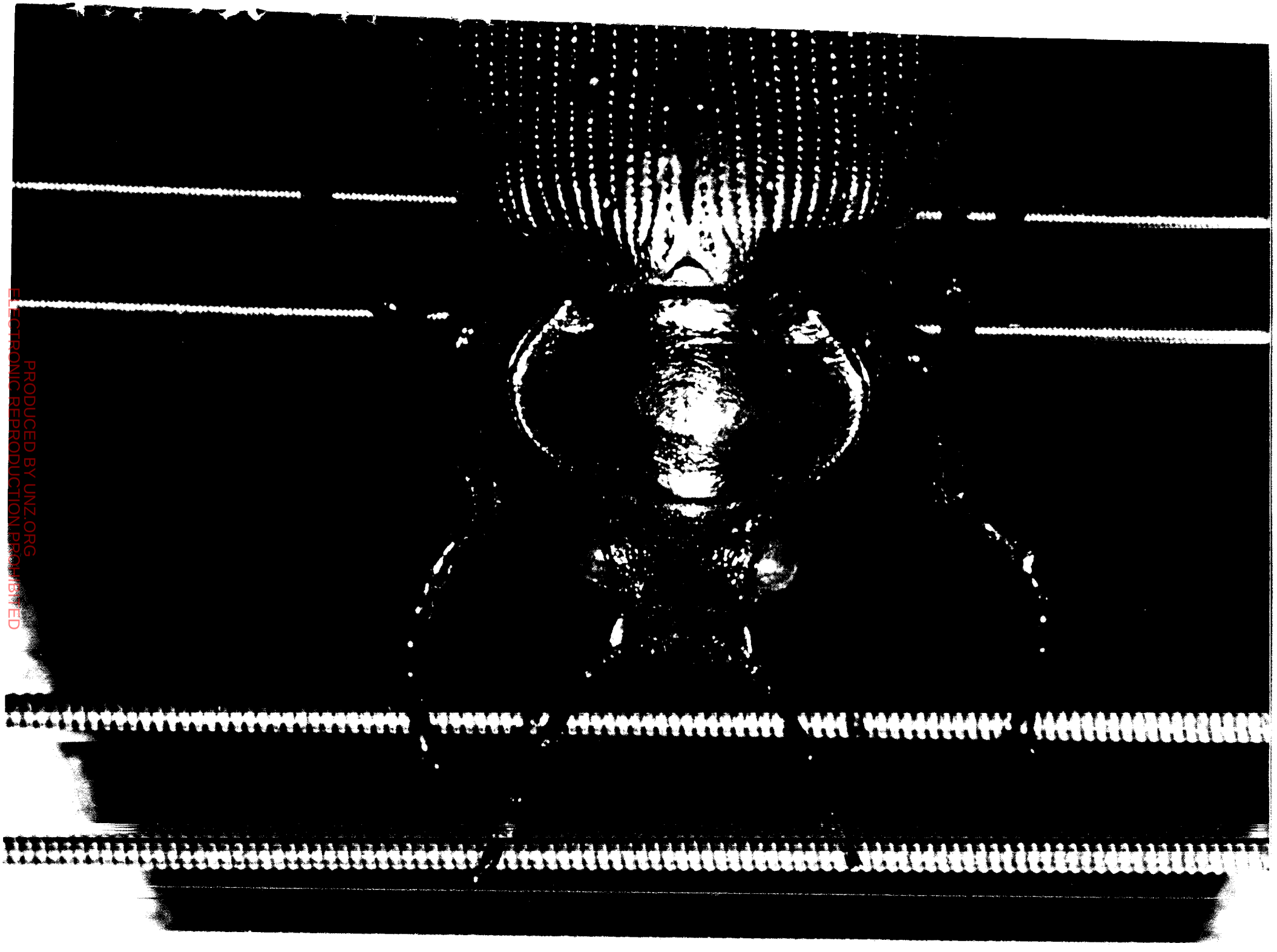

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Beatles' songs, like most rock and roll songs, do not develop their musical materials in the way that the sonata-allegro form develops them or in the way that contemporary serial works develop them through permutation. The simple employment of the diatonic scale, usually two themes, and the relatively uncomplicated chord progressions limit development. (The Beatles' songs hint slyly at modal melodic patterns, but they too are diatonic.) ¶ Now the reality of Eternity can be felt only in that paradoxical moment of time when time has been superseded so that the present moment becomes eternal. The limited and limiting musical materials out of which rock and roll is created are perfectly suited to the demands of one's perception of Eternity. Everything in the song — in spite of the strophic tension which is undercut or neutralized by means of the continual 4/4 beat — enables you to remain rooted in the eternal present, so that the "river" does in fact stand still. ¶ In this ambience of three-minute timelessness, we are taken outside of ourselves, if we allow ourselves to be so taken. We are taken back to the Garden where the "tragicomedy of love is performed by starlight" and the fireworks light up the sky. It is the blissful peace of the Diamond Samadhi where you feel, like a gentle rain, the soft petals of multi-colored lotus blossoms and those inexplicable, crazy feelings spreading throughout your gums. ¶ Rock and roll is the new mysticism for those too experienced and cynical to believe much in anything anymore — a mysticism which you can accept for three minutes, a veritable even if non-interpersonal giving of oneself, because there is no fear of losing out. (There is here, too, also a return to the undifferentiated world of early childhood experiences.) ¶ The hard day's night, the race to the train, the playing and singing — this is the passion of the world. But in the end, the Beatles in their helicopter fly up to Heaven. Is this not the Easter revelation we all have need of re-experiencing? *A Hard Day's Night* combines radical innocence and religious revelation, inviting ecstasy and salvation to that soul Yeats wrote about: "self-delighting, self-appeasing, self-affrighting"; whose "own sweet will is Heaven's will." Seeing the film again and again, we are the Vulture King seeing Rama in *The Holy Lake of the Acts of Rama:*

As he went on, he saw the Vulture King lying on the ground, meditating on Rama's feet and the marks they bore. Raghubir, the ocean of grace, stroked his head with his lotus hands, and when he looked on the wondrous beauty of Rama's face, he felt no more pain.

THE RESURRECTION

"Bring this boy into the world,
and we'll soon make another."
Grandgousier in Rabelais' *Gargantua and Pantagruel*

The Beatles have made another film!

Jonathan Cott is on the faculty of the new experimental undergraduate school of the University of California.

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Journey up north

by Louis Lomax

Illustrations by Tacey Tajan

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THE RESTLESS TRAIN ENGINE stood in front of the Atlantic Coast Line depot in the somnolent town of Valdosta, Georgia. It was mid-afternoon of an early summer's day in 1930. I was eight years old, in the third grade; I remember it well.

Valdosta was home for us, the Lomax family, and the panting engine had come to our town to pull grandmother and me to a far away place known to Southern Negroes simply as "up north." Specifically, we were headed for a summer's visit with uncles, aunts, and cousins in Jersey City, New Jersey, and Harlem. The entire family — grandfather, Uncle James and Aunt Fannie — was at the depot to see us off.

The trip North had been arranged at great sacrifice by all members of the family, and it was in the best tradition of our tribe that grandmother and I were the ones to make the journey. Grandfather, Thomas A. Lomax, was a man of both power and learning; as pastor of the Macedonia First African Baptist church he was "The Elder" of the Valdosta Negro community; Uncle James was the Professor J. L. Lomax who presided over the Valdosta Negro high school as well as the Reverend J. L. Lomax who pastored the Bethesda African Baptist church at Americus, Georgia, some eighty miles from home; and Aunt Fannie was the "Miss Fannie" who taught kindergarten at the Valdosta Negro grammar school.

We all lived together in the family home along River Street where grandmother Rozena Lomax, poet, playwright, and lead soprano in the senior choir at Macedonia Baptist church, was the stout and stern matriarch of the household. We lived together as one, as did the families of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, our forefathers in the faith. Like our Biblical forefathers, we Lomax were a proud people; we belonged to each other; we were fiercely committed, each to the other, all of us to the family bond. As the youngest, great expectations were heaped upon me. Indeed — I did not know it then but I know it now — the trip North had been planned largely for me. The family clan had decided it was time for the youngest to drink, however briefly, from the fountain of fresh and free water in a strange, yet promised land. And the grandmother, the matriarch, would go along and hold my hand as I drank.

Had someone been watching us as we huddled together inside the colored waiting room of the depot, he would have had no inkling that only the most sacred of our tribal customs accounted for the fact that I was a Lomax at all; my mother, born Sarah Lomax, married a Reverend Emanuel Curtist Smith who, of course, was also a Baptist. Then mother went on to die a few days after I was born. Grandmother literally took me; my father had little, if any, say in the matter. From the day of my mother's burial I was — and am — a Lomax, not a Smith.

We watched as the freight handlers loaded the cargo onto the baggage car. Soon it would be time for the passengers to get on board. It was a child's moment; I stood there brimming over with anxiousness yet still trying to share the solemnity the parting moment demanded. I tried desperately to exude the glumness the religious equate with solemnity but, within, my soul bubbled now that the much discussed and long planned journey was about to begin. Uncle James, oddly enough, broke the solemnity of the parting. Lapsing into a family joke he shook his finger at me and said, "When you get to New York be sure to bathe frequently; start at your head and wash as far down as possible; then, for God's sake, wash that possible!" This is the way it was — and still is — between Uncle James and me. He is a combination father and big brother, and there is a levity in our love. Yet, even now, when he frowns I quiet down.

"It is up to you to keep the family name going," Uncle James often told me, correctly predicting that he and Aunt Fannie would not have children. "You must either have a son or write books if the Lomax name is to survive and be remembered." Uncle James' words, as was so often the case with him, meant a good deal more than they said. I was the family's youngest son; he was the eldest. But though then young both in life and marriage, Uncle James and Aunt Fannie were already trapped by the professionalism that consumed practically every literate, middle class Southern Negro.

They were indentured, both psychologically and economically, by the system; by the way of life that was — and still is — white supremacy; by the white city fathers who treated them as if they were children while demanding that they turn out educated men. Most of all, I suspect, Uncle James and Aunt Fannie indentured themselves to that peculiar combination of the urge to play it safe and the call to human service that still marks Negro professionals of the deep South.

Uncle James had forfeited his opportunity to leave home. Exempted from army duty in World War I because of an injured hand, he worked his way through Syracuse University as a Pullman porter. He lived in the North and studied there; I suspect that, like most Negro professionals of that day, he found the North a cold and unfertile ground. And he did come home again; he came back to the warmth of the Southern Negro family, and he elected to live and serve among those whom he knew best. Uncle James would never escape and he knew it.

I, by contrast, was still pure, still free in mind; those were the years of my innocence and the evil days of Southern reality had not yet come high. The terrible truth is that my family and I were lying to each other. They had not told me that the trip North was the first step in a long range plan to get me out of Georgia and into school in New York by the time I finished seventh grade. No, to say that my family was lying to me is too mean a phrase. There was no malice or desire to deceive involved. Rather, they were trying to love me, to protect me, to ready me for a better life in a better place, at a better time. My lie to them was of the same cloth; I had not told them that only four days before the scheduled trip North, a white man

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had sicked his bulldog on me simply because I was a *nigger*.

Ours then, was the tribal lie, that nonsaying of the bitter truth in order for those we love to still hold their heads up high. They kept silent about their plans for my education out of fear that things might not work out and I would be disappointed. I kept silent about the bulldog because I knew they would be hurt and angry; in a white man's South my family would be both afraid and unable to do anything about it.

"All Aboarddd . . ." the white conductor yelled, his cracker twang shattering what solemnity there was left. Uncle James, carrying our luggage, was the first to move toward the colored coach, near the front of the train just behind the baggage car. The family, grandmother holding me firmly by the hand, followed. Uncle James tucked our luggage in the overhead rack. Grandmother and I could not eat in the "white only" dining car during the two and a half days journey; our traveling food, three shoe boxes jam-packed with fried chicken, baked sweet potatoes and other Southern goodies, was stored under our seats.

Then, as the white conductor and the other Negro passengers looked on, the Lomax family gathered in a prayer circle. Transformed, as indeed he was every Sunday morning, from grandfather into the Reverend Thomas A. Lomax, grandfather told God where grandmother and I were going and why. He concluded by asking — begging, really — God to be with us all, to protect us all while we were parted, one from another. And when the prayer was done Uncle James joined in a fervent "amen."

"By God, preacher," the white conductor yelled, with a smile in his voice, "if you boys and that gal ain't a going nowhere you had better git the hell off."

Grandfather, then in his fifties, and Uncle James, then in his late twenties, smiled the smile all Southern Negroes smiled to stay safe and sane. Aunt Fannie, the twenty-seven year old "gal" in question, leaned into the seat and kissed me yet another goodbye.

Lurching, then lapsing into a slow and steady jerking forward, the train moved away from the station. Grandmother and I leaned and craned through the window, looking back for as long as we could see them and waved "bye" . . . "bye" . . . "bye" to our family. The train picked up steam as it snaked along Savannah Avenue, into the Lowndes County countryside toward Waycross and the Okefenokee Swamp.

I WAS ON MY WAY UP NORTH, to fairyland. When one is bound for fairyland the journey is part of the arriving, and the arriving is the magic escape from what *is* into a place where all good and happy things are possible. Our first major stop would be in Savannah, Georgia, some three hundred miles away. There, after an overnight wait, we would change trains for Washington, D.C.; in the nation's capital we would change trains once again for New York. The train whistle blew and moaned; we dashed through the Georgia pine woods, streaking past the country towns on Indonala and Naylor, across the Lapaha River on to Stockton, passing just southeast of the New Prospect Missionary Baptist church where, the previous summer, grandfather had run a revival. Then we made our way along the swamp to DuPont, where grandfather had once gone to preach and somebody stole all of his clothes while he was in the pulpit; into Argyle, known affectionately to all of us as "Hog Eye, Georgia." I looked out on the familiar land I was leaving and I knew it well; I knew it better than a child of eight should know any land.

Those were the lean and mean years. Both Uncle James and grandfather preached every Sunday and were given a "love offering." Both Uncle James and Aunt Fannie taught school and received salaries that amounted to about thirty dollars a month. Things were tight: I realized the depression was upon us when I asked Uncle James or grandfather for a nickel to buy candy, and their lips would go dry as they said, "no." Then there were the rumors that Negroes were being beaten and flogged in and around Valdosta for being "uppity." The rumors were back-fence whispers; we all knew they were true, but the incidents always happened to somebody we didn't know, or in another county, or — even better for the sake of our sanity — to a Negro who was a no-good drifter and should have known better than to do whatever he did to make the white people lynch him. We always knew when the Ku Klux Klan was to hold a meeting and on those nights, even before the sun was completely down, we retired indoors, pulled down the shades and went to bed early.

There was no outward evidence that this state of consuming fear and middle-class Negro poverty affected our lives. But deep within us, as we gathered around the fireplace to keep warm, we showed our uneasiness. But the evidence was unspoken and it would have been treasonous had some member of our family articulated our fear even to himself, let alone to other members of the family. Rather we spoke to each other in the language of pained silence and nervous laughter.

The only time we dared be audible about our suffering was when we prayed. Only then, by eavesdropping as we talked with God, could one know what we really felt about white people who lynched common Negroes and deliberately underpaid good Negroes like schoolteachers and preachers, what we really felt about lazy Negro Christians who seldom came to church, and when they did come, put nickels and dimes in the collection plate when we knew full well that they spent more than that each day for snuff and chewing tobacco. But not even when we talked to God did we verbalize the deeper questions of why He let it rain on so many Sunday mornings and why nobody came to church and why there was nothing at all in the collection plate.

But there were bright moments in our lives. Respectable

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poverty was common in our town and, God knows, we lived better and had more than most families, black or white, in Valdosta. Rather it was being Negro — sleeping through each night on the fringe of fear, living out each day in the bottomless pit of deeply personal and nakedly individual humiliation — that caused us anguish. In church on Sunday, we sang "Soon I Will Be Done With the Troubles of the World; Going Home to Live With God." And we believed what we sang. We had to believe it; there was no other way out.

Yet the train that was then well past Waycross and rolling onto the flatlands that lead to Savannah was part of the family's plotting a way out for me. Leaving the land I knew, my mind conjured up images of the incredibilities that would occur before my very eyes and in my very ears once I reached the land toward which I was bound. These images were more than the workings of a child's imagination. Rather they were shaped by years of indoctrination in the history of our people.

I CANNOT REMEMBER when I first learned of the anti-slavery movement and the Negro leaders, from Frederick Douglas to Booker T. Washington who, in the words of what we called "The Negro National Anthem," had "brought us thus far on the way." But with the discovery that I was a Negro and that being a Negro was both different and painful, I knew things. I also knew that "up north" harbored the anti-slavery movement and now, the NAACP, an organization no one mentioned above a whisper in Valdosta. My vision of the North was much more concrete than that of most Negroes in our town, or my images were given flesh and blood through letters we received from Aunt Eliza in Jersey City and Aunt Josie in New York.

Aunt Eliza's employer actually called her "Mrs.Smith": I had never heard a white person give a Negro that kind of courtesy! Aunt Eliza's children, two boys and two girls, actually attended schools with white children. Segregated and inferior schooling was so much a part of my life that it never occurred to me to question its legality or morality. Indeed, I wondered why Negro and white children attended school together up North. Aunt Eliza wrote that Negroes and white people actually sat together on buses and trains in New Jersey! How strange a land was "up north."

Aunt Josie, grandmother's sister, lived in Harlem just across the river from Aunt Eliza. Her letters, postmarked New York, painted an even more incredible picture. Also widowed, Aunt Josie worked with white people as a seamstress in something called the garment district in downtown New York; she was always addressed as "Mrs. Timberlake" and was a member of something called "the union." Moreover, she actually participated in strikes and other agitations against her white employers in behalf of higher pay and better working conditions. Had a Negro dared do such a thing in Valdosta, he would have been killed. And few, if any, of us would have attended his funeral.

Aunt Josie earned more per week as a seamstress than Aunt Fannie earned a month for teaching school. Both Aunt Josie and Aunt Eliza ate in the same restaurants with and alongside white people. Both of them wrote to us of their white friends with whom they exchanged home visits. True, the North had had its race riots. Neither Aunt Josie nor Aunt Eliza wrote of a North where ethnic love flowed like the waters of the river Jordan. But they told us of a land where one could live free from fear of nightriders, where one could get a decent education if one wished it, where one could find a job, maintain his self-respect and worship his God in peace.

This, then, was the stuff out of which I fashioned my fairyland as grandmother and I sat on the crude bench in the colored section of the train station in Savannah. The night was dark and damp, the poorly lit Broad Street station dim and dismal. The depot cafe was for whites only; I went around to the back door and the man sold me some hot coffee for grandmother and an orange crush for me. We munched on fried chicken, cold biscuits and greens. We were alone, and the waiting room seemed large and bare. There were a few sporadic moments of activity as mid-evening trains arrived and departed. Then the silence of lateness fell around us. I tried to be a little man, to stay awake and protect grandmother, but childhood overtook me. I put my head in her lap, she spread her coat over me, and I fell asleep.

Grandmother came alive with new fire next day as we made our way through the Carolinas. This was the land from which she and grandfather sprung. As the dusty train rattled along in the scorching heat, grandmother pointed out landmarks in the Lomax family history about which I had heard so many times at the fireside.

According to the little family history, we were the descendants of two Dutch brothers, one of whom settled in North Carolina while the other was staking a claim in South Carolina. The Dutch Lomaxes prospered, acquired huge plantations and owned scores of slaves. Grandfather was born just after the Emancipation Proclamation to an ex-slave who, like most ex-slaves, took on the plantation name "Lomax." As a young boy he worked as a boat hand up and down the Big Pee Dee and Cape Fair Rivers. Then, to use his phrase, "when God called him to preach," he made his way to Raleigh where he worked his way through Shaw University, a Negro college established and run by white missionaries. Shortly after he was called to his first pastorate, grandfather's wife of a few years died and left him with a young daughter, Aunt Eliza.

Among the richest days of my early youth were those spent fishing with grandfather along the banks of the Withlacodchee River near Valdosta. Between fish bites he would tell me the stories of his youth and early manhood, of the ghosts and goblins that chased him from cemeteries

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where he was trying to bury the dead, of the time he was working on a flatboat piled high with lumber and how the lumber struck a low bridge over the Cape Fair River and he was almost drowned, of the hundreds who were converted as he preached. There was always a twinkle in grandfather's eye when he told me of the ghosts and goblins, and I couldn't help wondering if he really meant it, whether he was not just giving me a good time — since, like all small boys, I enjoyed being scared out of my wits by stories of ghosts and goblins.

But when he spoke of his early years in the pulpit he became very serious, and there is a mass of evidence to support what he told me. Grandfather grew into a powerful preacher and a dynamic evangelist. He became the Negro Billy Sunday of North and South Carolina. Hundreds flocked to hear him: they came on foot, by wagon and by oxcart. Ofttimes the small Negro country churches could not accommodate all who came to hear him, and the services moved outside under the giant, bending trees. The bed of a wagon became the pulpit from which grandfather thundered with the power of Isaiah and with the authority of Moses.

Grandmother told me of the times when, as a small girl, she joined the throngs that went to hear grandfather preach. And when we neared Florence, South Carolina, grandmother's almost white face reddened with emotion for it was when grandfather came to preach in her hometown of Florence that she and he had met. Grandmother, too, was a Lomax, a direct descendant of the Dutch slaveholder who had settled in South Carolina. Thomas Lomax and Rozena Lomax met, fell in love, and married. By then grandfather's fame had spread to Georgia. In February of 1897 he accepted the call to pastor the Macedonia First African Church of Valdosta. Grandmother followed him while her sister, Aunt Josie, remained behind in Florence for several years and then joined the Negro migration North.

My young eyes grew weary gazing at the Carolina lands of my fathers. But it was the kind of happy history every boy must learn and remember if he is one day to become a man. For a man needs land; he needs to know that somewhere his fathers dug in and tilled the soil, tilled the human soil and the dirt, and grew things and changed them. I looked out at the last of the Carolina earth as the train made its way into Virginia, and I knew — damn what the white man said — that land was mine, too.

UNION STATION in Washington, D.C., was segregated. The barriers were invisible. We were not herded into the kind of separate waiting rooms that flecked my native South; rather, "colored" and "white" signs guided the Negroes and whites to different sections of the cavernous granite barn. Grandmother and I walked out the common front door and gawked across the mall at the capitol of our country. On the rolling green beyond the trees, the flag waved atop the capitol, and grandmother held me firmly by the hand as we looked. We had read about it, seen pictures of it, talked about it; grandmother had literally thrashed me into learning how the two houses of Congress worked. But neither of us had ever seen it before.

I cannot honestly say that I felt anything more deep or profound than the emotions of a tourist. So little of what we needed to hear was coming from Washington in those days that I doubt that any Negro felt truly involved with the place. It would be another year or so, when federal relief began to seep down to the poor who were black in Valdosta, before we would develop the feeling that somebody up there on Capitol Hill cared. There was no time for grandmother and me to take the tour and visit the capitol. Our layover was a short one and my aunts and cousins would be waiting for us at Penn Station in New York. And I was eager to get on with the trip to New York, for I knew only too well that my fairyland would begin once I boarded the train in Washington — a train on which all men sat down together.

I don't know what grandmother thought about the white people who sat in front of us, behind us and opposite us. I wanted to go over and touch them, to talk and play with them. It never occurred to me that some of them were crackers, travelers from down South just as we were, and that they had brought their way of life with them in their hearts. I was in fairyland, and the white people on the train with me were Alice and Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. I was incapable of believing that they were like the white people I knew back home, that they were not happy to see me there. But grandmother was much older than I. She restrained me.

The North lived up to its advance billing — for a while at least. How could the North initially fail to impress a Negro child from the deep South when he arrived in Pennsylvania Station, to be greeted by cousins and aunts he had never met before, and then whisked by car past the tall buildings of mid-Manhattan through the Holland Tunnel into Jersey City? I was bug-eyed at what I saw and did: rivers, bridges, skyways, tunnels; the integrated bus that ran along Bergen Avenue, the stick ball game I played with my cousins and new friends — one of them white — along the railroad ravine that paralleled Ege Avenue where Aunt Eliza lived. Yes, Aunt Eliza's madame did, indeed, call her "Mrs. Smith," and when this good white woman learned that grandmother and I were in Jersey City for a visit, she sent us her best wishes for a pleasant stay. She sent me several shirts and a knickerbocker suit her son, just two years older than I, had outgrown. I rode the Bergen Avenue bus, and not only sat where I pleased but ofttimes beside white people. Yes, Aunt Eliza's children attended schools with white children; yes, Aunt Eliza had one white friend with whom she exchanged home visits. I know because I was there one Saturday when the white woman came to visit.

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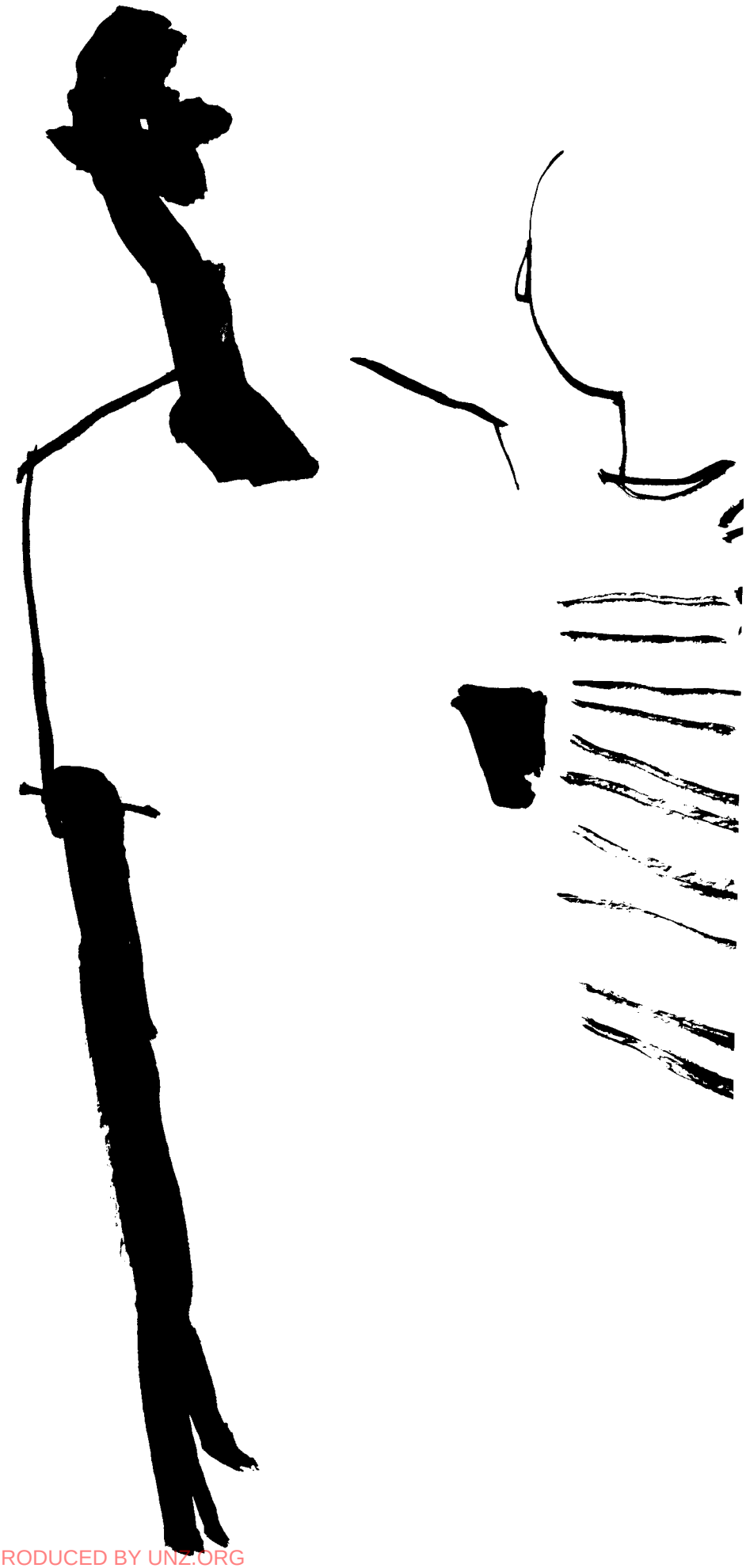

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I had a ball. My playmates and I scrambled and slid down the ravine from Ege Avenue onto the railroad track and we pointed threateningly at the "third rail," the source of the trains' electric power that we fully knew would electrocute us if we touched it. Then we followed the ravine down to Jackson Avenue where the stores were. We ate and drank all our pocket money could buy, and then we raced back up Ege Avenue screaming and yelling and playing until we were spent and could scream and yell no more.

I had a bigger ball in Harlem. Aunt Josie and her two children lived on the first floor at 326 St. Nicholas Avenue, just three doors from the corner of 125th Street. I fell in with playmates who romped in the asphalt jungle from dawn until midnight. But I didn't romp until midnight with them. Grandmother rigidly enforced a "Georgia" curfew, and I was tucked in bed, filled with protest, by nine.

Yes, Aunt Josie worked in the garment district with white people; yes, they called her "Mrs. Timberlake" until they got to know her well enough to call her by her first name which, of course, is all any Negro wants. I know Aunt Josie worked with white people because one morning grandmother and I rode the subway with her downtown and saw her vanish into her work building with them. Then we ate breakfast in Times Square and caught a subway that took us to Coney Island: I rode the "Loop the Loop" with white children, boys and girls, stuffed with hot dogs and root beer.

ON YET ANOTHER DAY in fairyland, grandmother and I defied the moral codes of our tribe and went to the Roxy where wicked motion pictures were being shown. But the sin was worth it; not only did we sit with white people but I heard the grand organ play and I yelled with disbelief as the huge stage came up through the floor for the live spectacular. Grandmother and I sailed out into the New York harbor and stood humbly before the Statue of Liberty as she held her torch of freedom high against a setting sun that hung in the sky like an overripe orange against a purple curtain.

This was the good "up north" life I had heard so much about. Five days a week, between nine and five, both my aunts worked as menials of varying degrees in an integrated world. They sat on a subway or bus and ate where they wished. Then they came home to a Negro ghetto salted with a few white people. All the businesses in both the Jersey City and Harlem ghettos were owned by white people. Aunt Eliza lived in a house, Aunt Josie lived in an apartment; both paid rent to a white man. My Jersey City and Harlem cousins attended integrated schools that, even then, were menacingly Negro. Aunt Josie explained to me what "the union" was and then went on to say, in biblical terms, that she was *in* the Garment Workers Union but not *of* it. Aunt Eliza's sons, then in their teens, had already faced discrimination as they sought summer work.

Aunt Eliza's church, Salem, like Macedonia in Valdosta, was Baptist and all Negro. The good singing and the shouting that released every tension was just like down home. The Reverend Brother Charles Means was the pastor, and when he cried "Come by here My Lord, come by here," I smiled knowingly at grandmother as the congregation answered, "Do Lord, do Lord, do come by here."

Church with Aunt Josie on the other hand, was a strained experience. Her church was all Negro but that was not the problem. They were Methodist! They had not been immersed in the water, in the River of Jordan, as we Baptists had been. According to the gospel preached by both grandfather and Uncle James, all those Methodist Harlem Negroes — including Aunt Josie, God save her — were headed straight for hell and the lake that burned with brimstone and fire. There was, of course, no way grandmother and I could feel close to Jesus in Aunt Josie's strange Temple. But out of love and respect for her we suffered through to the benediction and then made our way back to Aunt Josie's apartment, passing only a few blocks from an offbeat church where a child evangelist, Brother James Baldwin, was exhorting the faithful and frightening hell out of any sinners who happened to stagger into that storè-front holy of holies.

I am trying desperately not to confuse what I know now with what I felt then in Harlem thirty-four years ago. I did feel some uneasiness about my fairyland; I missed the company of Negro professionals, teachers, and doctors who were so much a part of our lives in Valdosta. I was struck by the fact that few of the Negroes grandmother and I met owned things — cars and homes — as we did in Valdosta.

Most of all, I remember being struck by the wild way scores of seemingly abandoned children romped the streets, foraging and fighting, carefree and cursing. I remember it so very well. I was younger but further along in school than the members of the Harlem gang I fell in with. They all had latch keys around their necks; hot dogs and malteds were a meal, not a treat. I, by contrast, had never carried a door key, for there was always somebody at home to let me in. There had never been a day in my life that did not begin with a hot breakfast and prayer at the family table. I was out of my element and loved it. I loved it because it was different, vulgar. Steeped in the archconservatism of my family, I was thrilled by the risk of Harlem, by the way those Negro kids seemed to grab life itself by the tail and swing it round and round over their heads and then bang it to earth in a cobblestone alley. And that is almost precisely what we did one sweltry day toward the last of July.

By early afternoon of that day we were all thirsty for milkshakes. We were all also very broke. Then an idea was born; at least I thought it was born, but it turned out

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that this gang had executed this caper hundreds of times before. One boy, his latch key swinging from a chain around his neck, raced home and returned in a matter of minutes with a quarter. Under assignment from the group leader, several of the boys scampered around the corner onto 125th Street and took up a position at the edge of a building where they could peek at the rest of us, including the boy with the quarter, stationed over a sidewalk grating near the curb. These gratings are wrought iron, lattice-like vents that let air down into the city's subway system. They drop down some six or eight feet to a concrete bottom. Shafts sprout out from there and take oxygen to New York's underground commuters.

After two or three minutes our pigeon approached. He was a well-dressed man simply walking down the street. The boy with the quarter asked him for change. The man smiled, stopped, and reached in his pocket to accommodate us. Once he had the contents of his pocket in his hand, our cohorts came barreling around the corner and knocked all of us — particularly the man with the handful of coins — sprawling. As the coins rained down through the grating and clunked against the concrete bottom, my playmates scrambled to their feet and took off in all directions. I got the message; I took off with them. We watched from an alley half a block away as the cursing man got to his feet, brushed himself off and stalked away. At least a dozen adults had witnessed the entire episode and they doubled with laughter at what obviously seemed to them a very funny and clever deed.

Once the man was gone we returned to the grating. One fellow produced two pieces of long string. Another took a wad of well-chewed gum from his mouth; yet another of my playmates came up with a medium-sized metal nut. They wrapped the gum around one end of a piece of string and let it down through the grating until it hovered over the coin. They tied the metal nut to a second piece of string and let it down until it hovered over the gum. Then by gently pounding, the gum was stuck to the coin. From there on it was a simple matter of drawing the coin up to the surface where, with small nimble fingers, we retrieved it through the grating. It took more than an hour to recover all the coins. A crowd of laughing adults, including an indifferent white policeman, gathered to watch and cheer. Then we all had milkshakes and hamburgers. The fellow who had provided our initial investment was able to return the quarter home long before his mother got in from the Bronx where she worked as a maid.

I was troubled by the incident, but I enjoyed it. I wondered, however, why my playmates didn't find odd jobs and earn their milkshake money. I, of course, didn't dare tell Aunt Josie and grandmother what had happened. But the next day I did ask them for permission to get a job. Aunt Josie was astounded, but grandmother calmed her by explaining that the summer before I had earned a dollar a week delivering groceries. Then grandmother told me to go out and find a job if that was what I wanted to do. 125th Street was lined with clothing and candy stores. The owners were white but there were all sorts of jobs, at least so it seemed to me, that a Negro boy of my age and education could fill.

There were floors to be swept, boxes to be unpacked and Negro customers to be served. (Even in Valdosta the white grocery store owners gave me permission to wait on Negro customers when I wasn't out delivering groceries. Indeed, I was one of the store's drawing cards; the Negro customers took great delight, and the white patrons looked on in disbelief as I, then nine, not only filled orders but added up the bill as well.) I visited every store along 125th Street between St. Nicholas and Seventh Avenue asking for a job. Alas, the janitorial jobs were all taken by full grown Negro men; white boys, many of them sons of the owners, unpacked the boxes and then filled in as helpers for the Negro patrons. So I romped out the remainder of my Harlem vacation on the streets.

GRANDMOTHER AND I RETURNED to Jersey City to spend the last week of our vacation with Aunt Eliza. For Aunt Eliza and grandmother, the final days there were consumed with washing and ironing and packing our clothes, with preparing food for us to eat on the train ride back to Valdosta. For me, however, the last days were a little different. My cousins took me back to Journal Square and to Loew's Theater. One day we rode the Hoboken Ferry; another day we took the tube that goes under the Hudson River and back to New York. But most of all, we played stick ball in the middle of Ege Avenue. That is what we were doing when I heard the sound of a familiar car horn. I dropped my stick and ran yelling into the house.

"Uncle James is coming! Uncle James is coming!"

At first both Aunt Eliza and grandmother thought I had gone mad. Then I heard the horn blow again.

"Hear it? Hear it? Uncle James is coming!"

Grandmother and Aunt Eliza followed me as I ran to the front porch. We looked across the railroad ravine onto Bergen Avenue. There, crossing the Bergen Avenue bridge half a block away, was Uncle James' Model A Ford, the tall silver bird on his radiator cap leading the way. We stood laughing, waving, and shouting as the car turned onto Ege Avenue and came to a halt before us.

Uncle James and grandfather, like the sweet chariot, had swung North to carry us home.

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Street Scene Stealers

by R. G. Davis

PROGRAMME

WHAT IS COMMEDIA DELL'ARTE? It is not political, although there are social reasons for performing it. It is not literary, although we have always tried to use the most intelligent scripts. It is not professional, yet the skill needed to execute the style is complex. It is not original; it has been done before — 400 years ago. When all the critiques are in, when all the objections to the material are made, the competence of the players is measured. The final conclusion is that it has life!

COMMEDIA DELL'ARTE as performed by the San Francisco Mime Troupe began in 1959. First we read all the books in English on commedia we could find — plays, histories — and looked at pictures. Fortunately, Carlo Mazzoni came through San Francisco and spent a week with me talking about commedia. He had been in the Piccolo Teatro di Milano in Italy. The Piccolo came to this country about that time and played "Servant of Two Masters" by Goldoni with Marcello Moretti — now dead. The production was tremendously exciting; they placed their commedia stage inside the proscenium arch at the Curran Theatre. A stage within a stage.

WE LEARNED from this production something of the style, but we didn't learn what it is to do commedia once outside, nor when a mask is put on a character. We had to do it first before we could really know it.

THE PROBLEM of doing commedia is simple. All one needs is a scenario or script, seven or eight performers, some imagination, about three months of heavy work, guts, a little bit of money — enough to costume and pay for the building of a portable outdoor platform. Rent a truck and set down the stage on the grass in a park in the midst of a crowd of people. We avoided advertising; if we went to the people, we wouldn't have to tell them to come to us. There was no charge for the performance, but we would ask for a donation after the show. If they liked it, we assumed they would give us something. They did.

DO WE PREACH some ideology when we do these shows? Yes, we preach freedom. The performers are free to pick up an accident during the performance — a dog walks across the stage, bells ring, or a kid starts to walk on the stage; "use it" is the dictum to the performers. Someone drops a line or drops a prop — don't deny it, make it part of the show. In the open air, the performers have to be ready to incorporate the whole atmosphere, or at least those parts of it they can handle. Each show should be improvisational in the sense that each show should be fresh, alive, and active. Quick witted, not pretentious, sarcastic not slapstick, clever not foolish. We assume that the audience is intelligent and that they will comprehend the material. We do not play down to them. We play for the joy of playing. They are part of the show; we do not deny the audience as a reality.

IN COMMEDIA, there is a simple rule: if the joke is good and well delivered, it will make the audience laugh; if not, then they won't laugh. We make them laugh. The jokes are contemporary but based upon the stereotypes of the 17th century Italian commedia dell'arte. Pantalone, the Venetian merchant, used a Venetian dialect; we use a Jewish accent. Dottore — a Bolognese pedant or lawyer used a Bolognese dialect; we use an Italian accent. Arlecchino and Brighella—servants from Bergamo, used a Bergamo dialect; we use a Puerto Rican or Mexican accent. This "modernizes" the style and makes it more or less an American product. The differences are established and we play the stereotypes. Sometimes the stereotypes offend people or at least give them cause to complain. "Why the Jewish accent?" some Jewish friends ask. And I say "Why not? I love old kikes, wops, sheenies, spades — they are always interesting, sometimes ugly, gross, and coarse, but more tangible than Clark Kent."

BESIDES THE SOCIAL INTEREST on this subject of accents, there is an artistic reason for the accents. We found that we had to gesture, move and describe our words — the audience sometimes sits 50 feet away. They have to *see* and hear. By using accents we found it easier to develop gestures, and movements — all the ethnic groups use their hands more than the melted American. The accents freed our bodies.

IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY at the following pictures you will see joy, life and action. But you will not get it all; neither these words nor the pictures will give you the full flavor of what is done. You have to see, hear, and experience it; that's commedia, and isn't that life as well?

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Photographs by Eric Weber

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by John P. Sisk

The human management of the news

Photographs by Jim Culberson

ONE WAY TO GET RELIEF from the national debate over the management and manipulation of news is to reread Thoreau. Thoreau wrote often and disdainfully about the modern media of communication: if we stay home and mind our own business we will not need the railroad, which really rides upon us; what comes to us through the post office is generally not worth the postage; the cable only gives currency to international small talk. Thoreau is sure that he has never "read any memorable news in a newspaper"; he suspects, in fact, that "it is too much to read one newspaper a week." He "would not run around the corner to see the world blow up." As he considers his news-avid contemporaries, a Swiftean image occurs to him: "... when they took off their hats, their ears suddenly expanded into vast hoppers for sound, between which even their narrow heads were crowded." "Read not the Times," he counsels. "Read the Eternities."

Comforting and very American words. When we are bedevilled with more messages than we can manage, and the attempt to realize the American Dream appears as a rat race, we need a Thoreau, or a Henry Miller, to tell us that it is better to despise the world than to perish with it. "Is there any point in attaining such awesome speed?" Henry Miller wonders, forty thousand feet in the air on a jet flight from New York to San Francisco. Perceiving that below all is "babble and confusion, struggle and ineptitude" he advises us that "We need only to behave as brothers and sisters; follow our hearts, not our minds; play, not work; create and not add invention upon inven-

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tion." Miller and Thoreau have much the same attraction for us that a Kempis has always had for those who, because of an overly narrow concept of Christian detachment, have needed someone to tell them that the attempt to organize the world's messages is vanity. Simplicity, simplicity, they urge us. When we are swamped with messages why add more?

No doubt in any age there are so many messages from so many events, and time is therefore moving so swiftly, that the involved and suffering human being is in constant danger of being swamped. I am not talking about chronological time, which is an abstract constant for all men, but existential or felt time, the flow of which depends upon the number of events that press on one's attention to be organized and interpreted. Our sense of the passage of time is dependent on communication facilities which not only transmit news about events but are the occasions of more events: the reactions to information. And it is not so much the sheer number of events that accelerate time as it is their variety, their lack of agreement, the extent to which they will not fit into familiar patterns or cannot be answered by familiar courses of action and so upset the settled pace of our lives.

There are always those congenital optimists who are born with a sense that time for them is passing to a fortunate conclusion, and who, like the young, yearn for it to pass more quickly. But for most people most of the time nothing is more painful than the sense of time passing, which is the sense of the entropic process of the human condition. Therefore man is instinctively a time-controller and by aspiration a time-stopper. His clichés, myths, institutions, conventions, sciences, philosophies and creeds have the purpose of organizing information into significant patterns, and therefore of buffering him against time, or of achieving some kind of triumph over it. Art, man's most nearly perfect experience of controlled information, is one kind of triumph over time; specialization, particularly as viewed by Ortega y Gasset, is another. Thoreau's transcendentalism is an American version of one of the oldest and most traditionally sanctioned ways of triumphing over time. Or there are those American and Marxist triumphs over time: those dreams of time reversed, moving not down but up to the City on the Hill or the stateless heaven on earth.

We are by nature, then, news managers, news manipulators, which is only to say that we are embattled in time. The need to manage or manipulate the news is in proportion not only to the amount of it but to the strain it imposes on the structures we have already made out of the messages that have come to us. If time is to move at a manageable pace the messages must be managed. And if in spite of the managing there are still too many messages and time threatens to engulf us, we have other devices for slowing down the stream of it, or for giving ourselves the illusion of slowing it down: drink, drugs, sport, sex or madness. The paradox is that the same technology that has, by extending the individual's lines of communication, left him naked to time has also made available to him a greater variety of ways of temporarily cutting off messages and thus escaping from time. In the age of Telstar the Jet Set is as inevitable as Henry Miller.

BUT HOWEVER we manage or manipulate the news there are too many messages for most of us, and time like water through a leaking dike breaks through on us everywhere. Businesses and governments need electronic computers to handle the messages that come to them. Scholars need translating and abstracting machines. A congressman has introduced a bill to establish a "national research data processing and information retrieval center" in which would be assembled and filed on perforated tape for handy reference all the world's scientific information. It would cost millions, but without it now science is swamped with its own literature. We all feel swamped with information and are haunted by images of lost control, of messages that do not arrive in time or are lost in the clutter of other messages. Our predicament is that of Durrell's hero in *The Alexandria Quartet:* we are surrounded by relevant information but imprisoned in a limited view, and by the time information from other views is made available the events and the people we are trying to understand have been modified by the passage of time and the occurrence of more events.

Now more than ever, therefore, the individual implicitly demands of government, as well as of all other institutions, that it control information. This implicit demand helps to explain the public's apathy in the face of the government's alleged management and manipulation of news. No doubt there are other factors, and no doubt such apathy in a democracy is to be deplored. Nevertheless, it should not be hard to understand, since if modern technology has taught the individual any lesson it is that time and information are interrelated, and that if you wish to slow down the one you must control the other.

Modern governments, like individuals, manage and manipulate news not simply out of a lust for power but in the interest of sheer survival in conditions of immense complexity, in which the enemy may be less another nation than the rapid flow of time and messages. It is easy enough in a democracy to see news management as primarily an effort of entrenchment by the party in power, harder to see it as a battle with time, as an effort to slow down time. Governments slow down time not only by false reports or by refusing to admit that certain events have transpired but by a disciplined refraining from action lest by acting ahead of all relevant information they precipitate more events and thus lose such control of time as they already have. In a crisis like the Cuban affair is there not even an implicit agreement by both governments to slow time down by refraining or delaying action? Such a cooperative management of time would of course be com-

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plicated by the residual suspicion on both sides that possible events are actually transpiring, that the apparent cooperation is only secrecy after all, and that time is therefore moving faster than it seems. Imagined as well as real events, as the neurotic knows only too well, affect the pace of time.

The fear that time may be moving faster than it seems because messages about meaningful events are not being received is correlative to the means of communication. It is one thing to get no messages from an area of the earth with which it is not possible to correspond. But suppose that having established lines of communication with such an area suddenly there are no messages. What then? We imagine threats to personal or national safety: nuclear submarines moving stealthily into position, warheads being fitted to missiles in jungle strongholds. So we refine and extend our systems of communication, convinced that the more we know about everyone the safer we will be. Yet the more we extend our lines of communication in the interests of safety the greater our risk of moral involvement becomes.

The prime fact of the modern world is that any extension of communication facilities extends and complicates man's moral involvement in mankind. Even the avidity for sensational news that Thoreau so excoriates in his contemporaries is an expression of this involvement. Of what moment is it, he asks, if "a man had his eyes gouged out this morning on the Wachito River" if we live "in the dark unfathomed cave of this world" and have only the rudiment of an eye ourselves? But once there is a telegraph line into the Wachito country attention must be paid to the man whose eye is gouged out there. What is objectionable is not that we are interested but that we may not be interested enough to react humanly: to do something about it.

Modern communication facilities are the symbols that dramatize the great themes of this involvement: the oneness of the world and the brotherhood of all men. These are the themes of Whitman's "Passage to India," one of the greatest poems about communication in our literature. For Whitman the first transcontinental railroad, the Atlantic cable and the Suez Canal have accomplished at last the "rondure of the world" so that "Nature and Man shall be disjoin'd and diffused no more." Here as elsewhere Whitman is closer to Teilhard de Chardin than to his great contemporary, Thoreau.

Of course, the times in which Whitman lived and his Pelagian optimism about the nature of man kept him from foreseeing the possibility of a fourth link in his transcontinental chain: the hot line between Washington and Moscow. The hot line is the symbol of the almost intolerable social, political, psychological and moral burden of modern communication: now the Wachito River flows through everybody's back yard. This is the burden that the totalitarian state, and to some degree all states, offer to remove from the individual, and thus the totalitarian state must be a supreme manager of news. Orwell shows this brilliantly in *1984*, a novel that might be described as a long ironic footnote to "Passage to India."

In *1984* the chief and interrelated means of managing and manipulating information are The Ministry of Truth, one of whose tasks is the continuing revision of the past, and Newspeak, a refinement of the English language aimed at making it impossible to receive messages contrary to the best interests of Ingsoc (English Socialism). The very life blood of Ingsoc is news management, and the novel has this unsettling message for all utopians: if you wish to believe that time is on your side, that you are the darling of destiny, then you must through the management of information create and keep on creating the kind of world that sustains this illusion.

WHAT DISTURBS the reader about *1984*, of course, is his awareness that it is less concerned with the future than with the present, that it takes a hyperbolic stance outside the present only to clarify it. It is about language itself, for language is the prime manager of information, and Orwell's Newspeak is the critical caricature of the tendency of all languages to imprison their users. It is no less about Russia than America, and it is about individuals as much as it is about government. Each of us has his built-in Ministry of Truth, each of us to some degree finds that existence is inseparable from the act of revising his past to conform it to present need. So we make history and manipulate time, and if we do it well enough neither the historian nor the psychiatrist will be able to unmake it.

The totalitarian state aspires to make history that well, to manage time and information so effectively that the individual is nothing more than an extension of its needs. At the same time, the closer the totalitarian state approaches this ideal the more completely it answers the individual's implicit request to be relieved of the burden of time and information. How effectively and to what monstrous ends the totalitarian state can through the management of information assume this burden Hannah Arendt has shown in *Eichmann in Jerusalem*. The frightening thing about Eichmann, as various commentators have pointed out, is that he was not the monster it would be so comforting to believe that he was. The frightening thing is the uses to which quite ordinary people can be put once the state has been allowed to assume the social, political, psychological and moral burden of time and information. The corollary would seem to be that to be a man one must be willing to carry his fair share of the burden of time. Time is man's cross; Miss Arendt's book is about the moral emasculation that results when one cannot or will not carry it; and Eichmann is a sorry kind of scapegoat for all of us who know at some level of our being how passionately we search for ways to be relieved of the burden.

An expression of apprehension at the possibility that

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the government is managing or manipulating the news is then as understandable as the apathy that keeps most people silent — and even in the silence there is a great deal of apprehension. The success of a democracy depends upon the availability of information; in our context news management and manipulation connote totalitarianism. But our reactions to the assertion that the news is being managed are so often over-reactions because our fears go much deeper than we realize. It is clear that many Americans are at bottom less disturbed by the fact that the news might be managed than they are by the agency suspected of doing the managing (which they would suspect in any event) and by its world view. There is nothing in the John Birch Society or the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade, for instance, to suggest that either is against news management as such and a good deal to suggest that if either obtained the power it aspires to the result would be a management of information far more drastic than any we know now.

This is because the Radical Right is possessed by convictions about the individual, his relations to his past, his fellowmen, his government and the world at large that are themselves powerful ways of managing and manipulating news. The Radical Right helps the rest of us see how much our uneasiness about news management is at bottom our fear that the burden of time and information is too much for us. The Administration, in other words, gets a good deal of abuse that might be better directed against the technologists who by extending and sophisticating our lines of communication have at once speeded up the clock and overburdened us with information.

Indeed, our uneasiness about news management is symptomatic of the fear of technology and the machine that has haunted Western civilization since the dawn of the Industrial Revolution. The machine is an extension of man in time and place, at once the product of his need to organize information and manage time and the liberator of more information about himself and his environment. It is still possible to think of the machine with an old-fashioned optimism: as the product of Yankee ingenuity that needs only to be kept free from government meddling to become what advertising says it is: the prime factor in the realization of the American Dream. Perhaps most of us hold desperately to this faith. But in the meantime, since it is a great multiplier of messages, and by the same token a powerful force in economic, social and political change, the machine aggravates the modern sense of being on the verge of losing control. The machine then, especially as we know it in automation, is the source of a great deal of anxiety that expresses itself as a suspicion of those agencies that take the control of information out of our hands. If we cannot, like Thoreau, Henry Miller or D. H. Lawrence, consciously denounce the machine we can denounce its surrogates: water fluoridation, psychiatry, racial integration, intellectuals, income tax, TVA.

The Radical Right also helps us see how much our objection to news management is grounded on a native suspicion of politics and government, which in turn cannot be separated from the American's traditional conviction of a dispensation from an older corrupt and entropic time order. The great message about the divine ordination to establish the City on the Hill in an upward moving time order became for Americans the great news manager, and it made inevitable an American Newspeak, a language of myths and symbols whose function was, and still is, to protect a conviction of special destiny from messages potentially dangerous to it — to enclose its users uncritically in a magic circle.

But politics and government by their very nature tend to make men stand outside this circle. Government means control, and therefore it means criticism, a standing aside to assess in the interest of control. It means an openness to all relevant information, not simply to all sanctioned information. It means a dialogue with other governments, and it means prudence, the virtue made necessary by the strong possibility that things will change for the worse. Therefore government means planning, which implies a refusal to believe in the complete efficacy of a hidden hand that makes planning unnecessary or impious. Men in government may themselves be caught in the magic circle, may be catering to national myths and prejudices, even help to draw it tighter, yet the governing process of which they are a part continues to exert its counterpressure.

THEREFORE it has always been easy for Americans to see government as the enemy of American promise, as by nature receptive to dangerous information, as given to hypocrisy and secret backroom deliberations, as cynically detached from traditional pieties and the American time order while it pursues with subtle calculation the realities of power. Totalitarianism in this view is not a particular kind of government but simply government displayed at last in its true colors.

Hence the Radical Right's tendency to equate government with conspiracy, and indeed to identify as conspirational all power apart from the economic power of unfettered private enterprise. American Newspeak, in fact, inclines its captives to suspect conspiracy wherever, because of the rapidity and complexity of messages, time begins to move uncomfortably fast. But the more completely a Newspeak regulates the flow of information, the more messages it must control with protective blanket terms, the greater the area in which the enemy, foreign or domestic, can be imagined to be conspirationally at work. In times of stress then ultraconservative and reactionary personalities are confined in a magic circle the radius of which is shorter than ever. Films like "Communism on the Map" and "Operation Abolition" are therefore the products of an enchanted world.

Thoreau of course is one of the most stringent critics of American Newspeak, or at least of those aspects of it

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which he does not approve, yet no one expresses better that anarchistic strain in the American's character that inclines him to look upon government as the conspiring enemy. Thus Thoreau begins "Civil Disobedience" by heartily accepting the motto "That government is best which governs least" and then immediately extends it to "That government is best which governs not at all." Later in the essay, it is true, he demands at once not the abolition of government but a better government. Nevertheless, his tone throughout is the disjunctive one of the American reformer for whom expediency and prudence are not the inevitable preoccupations of man-in-time-and-place but the clear signs of the temporizer, the collaborator with the enemy or the coward.

Thoreau can speak so disjunctively of the relations between the individual and government not only because he is an honest man but for him government belongs with those functions that "are infra-human, a kind of vegetation" — vital of course but to be "unconsciously performed like the corresponding functions of the human body." His thoughts about government and the modern communication media are all of a piece: they are phenomena of a world where "shams and delusions are esteemed for highest truths," the very sign of whose corruption is its apparent complexity and plethora of messages. Therefore in *Walden* he advises us: "Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand."

One of our most potent simplifiers of time and information is honesty. Traditional American honesty, our ritual virtue, is the opposite of government duplicity. Honesty is blunt, unqualified, needs few words, cuts like a knife to the heart of the matter. Our fascination with the exposé and the true confession is symptomatic of our conviction that simple honesty will protect us from the complexities and duplicities of time. Evil is complicated, elusive, devious, subtle, equivocal, lends itself to conflicting interpretations; honesty is certain, univocal, unambiguous. It is easy to believe then that the simpler and more bluntly forthright an interpretation of information is the more truthful it is likely to be.

We are always a little in awe of the honest eccentrics (or of the charlatans who have learned the style of honesty) who enliven the American scene with their categorical demands for sweeping and immediate reforms. A great deal of the appeal of reformers like Billy Hargis, General Walker and Robert Welch lies in the honest simplicity of their absolutist programs that promise a quick triumph over runaway time and the complexity of information. Whatever else the Birchite *Blue Book* is, it is in the tradition of American reforming honesty; it even reads history in the melodramatic Newspeak spirit of that tradition.

Honesty, of course, remains an indispensable virtue. We should all be honest, and the government should be honest, and when it is not it should be criticized and reformed. But we need to be clearer about the whole context of our demand for honesty. Thoreau's demand for absolute honesty, bracing as it may be to us who live in a time when there is often little else to take a stand on, cannot be separated from his negative attitude towards government. As against Aristotle's "man is by nature a political animal" he would have us believe that man in so far as he is political is not much more than an animal. No one is more important to us than Thoreau as a dramatizer of this attitude, which today is a crippling factor in our national life. Thus we debate the issue of the honesty of the government's handling of information before we have made up our minds about the value of government, while we are still uncertain whether man really needs government to realize his potential as a human being.

There was no uncertainty in Thoreau's mind; he spoke out unambiguously. He is preeminently the Hero as Honest Man. By the same token, no one represents better the American habit of trying to clarify a complex situation by prescinding from the pressure of time and the babble of messages to concentrate on it a single powerful idea unqualified by opposing but relevant ideas. We follow him when we try to settle the issue of news management with the tool of simple honesty. We live in times when honesty, like simplicity, is not enough. The conviction that it is enough belongs with what Senator Fulbright has called "the peculiar limitations of the American perspective." Honesty may be, as it is in so much of our literature, a virtue of despair — like superpatriotism, an attempt to find an absolute when we have lost faith in our ability to keep up with the times and handle the messages.

John P. Sisk is Professor of English at Gonzaga University in Spokane, Washington.

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Ephemera

BOOKS ART CINEMA THEATRE MISCELLANY

Manifesto:

Very possibly, it seems to me, literature has never had a more important role to play in American life than it does today and the most useful thing a critic or editor can do is to be aware of that fact.

Allen Ginsberg, in his note at the beginning of *Kaddish* (City Lights: 1961), charges the literary quarterlies with being "bankrupt poetically thru their own hatred, dull ambition or loudmouth obtuseness." Bob Dylan has remarked that "the fact that the White House is filled with leaders that've never been t the apollo theater amazes me."

What a good and useful literary section should try to do, I believe, is to refrain from the kind of literary-artistic-social blindness that Ginsberg was speaking of and, in addition, be aware of the revolution of the psyche as well as of the arts to which Dylan refers by mentioning the Apollo Theatre. I will not tell you what the Apollo Theatre is except to say that Jon Hendricks, the jazz poet, once wrote that it, and not the Metropolitan or the War Memorial, was the true American opera house.

Thus you will find in this section, now and in the future, some attempt toward integrated discussion of the various aspects of American culture and the names of American artists with, hopefully, a minimum of hatred, dull ambition or loudmouthed obtuseness.

When Dwight MacDonald wrote of President Johnson's Festival of the Arts at the White House in the New York Review of Books, he lamented the absence of American composers and even listed some who might have been asked. In the same article he discussed how fortunate it was that Duke Ellington and his orchestra were there to play for the guests. To MacDonald, obviously, Duke Ellington is not a composer. This obtuseness, and the same obtuseness which has greeted Ginsberg, Dylan, and other important voices of our time, will be avoided here, we hope.

A book is a book, but it is not important merely because it has been published; it

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might be of importance even if it has been in print a long time but neglected — or even if only available in paperback. These things we hope to deal with. We will make mistakes in judgment and commit sins of omission. But firmly convinced that literature does not exist independent of society and of the other arts, we will try.

New voices which speak for the psychic revolution, the rejection of the threadbare standards of the past will find a sympathetic ear in this corner. See, in this issue, Jonathan Cott's imaginative trip with the Beatles flic. Those of us who are over 30 may be suspect to youth, but I am as certain of youth's ability to tell us something of importance as I am of the sun rising tomorrow. It will be our job to provide ourselves with the opportunity to listen and to learn. It should be exciting and it should make, at the very least, interesting reading.

That major literary talents such as Allen Ginsberg should have had to resort to underground publication is a terrible commentary on the literary world. We can, if we believe in life and have some poetry in our souls, do no less than try to see that it does not happen again. "My rock and roll is the motion of an angel flying in a modern city," Ginsberg said. And Bob Dylan adds, "those not busy being born, are busy dyin' ."

We aim to live.

—Ralph J. Gleason

Books:

SIMONE À GO GO. FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCE *by Simone de Beauvoir. New York: Putnam. 658 pp. $10. Reviewed by Nelson Algren.*

"When you get to Paris, see Simone de Beauvoir," a pseudo-intellectual once urged me. People claimed she was surprisingly sententious, humorless and tyrannical for a good writer. I liked being the only one to know she wasn't a good writer. As soon as I reached the Deux Magots I phoned the native quarter.

"Who this *is?*" a man's voice asked.

"Who's this?" I wanted to know.

"Who this *is* saying who this *is?*" he demanded.

"Who's *this* saying 'Who this *is?*' when I'm saying 'Who's *this?*' " I insisted.

"Who this *is* saying 'Who—' "—they took the telephone from me by force. It was a beautiful day. In the Luxembourg Gardens pigeons were strutting. The organism of the female pigeon has been completely subjugated to maternity, leaving sexual prerogative entirely to the male. This could be corrected by making the male sit on the eggs for two hours every Saturday night. Paris is The City of Light. I phoned again from the Metro.

This time Mme. de Beauvoir answered.

"I have gone underground," I announced, thus making a merry pun.

"Stay under," she advised me. "D. has opened a letter addressed to Sartre, discovering that he is planning a rendezvous with M. To avoid a confrontation it will be necessary for him to fly to Cornell."

"Why Cornell?"

"Because D. doesn't have the plane fare to fly to Cornell."

"You promised to take me to the Rue St. Denis," I reminded Mme. de Beauvoir.

"Not today. I have to fly with Sartre because of The Pact."

"Geneva Pact?"

"No. The Pact of Contingent Love. Be at the airport half an hour before plane time. It takes only twenty-two minutes to explain." Every minute counts when you work for Les Temps Modernes.

Madame arrived unaccompanied. We retired to a bar.

"Tell me all about everything," I hurried her, not wanting to miss a word.

"Many couples conclude more or less the same pact as Sartre and myself," she filled me in while crumbling potato chips between her palms and distributing them about the table neatly, "but Sartre and I have been more ambitious. We seek to maintain through all deviations 'a certain fidelity.' "

"Is that the same," I inquired eagerly, "as 'grabbing a quickie'?"

"Let not my words be taken to imply more than they say," she warned me, "it is always possible that one of two allies may prefer a new attachment to the old. But so long as they do not permit the new one to become permanent there is no difficulty — or is it *your* view that freedom can come through fidelity?"

"Heaven forbid!" I cried in dismay at the thought, although the thought itself eluded me, "tell me *all* about fidelity."

"Complete fidelity," she resumed, "is experienced only by those who impose it upon themselves as a mutilation. Women who are faithful may thus console themselves for it only by drink or sublimation."

"I get it," I agreed cheerfully, for I felt like agreeing to something cheerfully, "the only way a woman can stay faithful is by staying drunk all day. But isn't there some

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risk in this? What if her lover should prove *faithful?*"

"Every effort to free oneself entails risk," she told me sternly.

Now it looked like they *both* had to stay drunk all day.

"What," I made bold to inquire, "is Contingent Love contingent *upon?*"

"Upon both partners releasing themselves from the mutilation they impose upon themselves under the guise of fidelity," Mme. de Beauvoir assured me with such finality I wouldn't have presumed to dispute it even if I'd understood it.

"Sartre is going to be late for class," I observed, glancing at my watch.

"He has had to cancel his flight, thanks to you."

"Because of *me?*"

"Certainly. Because you are using CS gas in Vietnam, murdering civil rights workers in Alabama, denying free speech to students in California and supporting Fascism in Bolivia."

"What about the blockade of Cuba?"

"We're saving that for next year."

"Does that mean I can't *ever* go to the Rue St. Denis?" I asked, steadying myself for the blow.

"It means we have to wait here for M. Since Sartre can't fly to Cornell she is flying to Paris."

"Would the thing that Contingent Love be contingent upon," I asked slyly, "be M's travel plans?"

"I am objective to the degree that my objectivity envelops me," Mme. de Beauvoir instructed me, "and I have no taste for gossip."

"But you *promised* to take me to the Rue St. Denis," I reminded her petulantly, "you *promised*, you *promised*, you *promised*."

"To write sacrificial essays in which the author strips himself bare without excuses is my single commitment," she concluded, swiftly gathering the stacks of potato chips and replacing them in the bowl, "so stop stamping your foot."

The scandals that Mme. de Beauvoir and M. Sartre have survived are neither more scandalous nor more numerous than those of anyone else. It is from announcing a severely edited autobiography as a confessional that the hypocrisy of *Force of Circumstance* derives. What its publisher describes as "a summation startling for its self-exposure" is the most tedious chronicle of public snitchery since Joe Valachi sacrificed himself for television. Yet let it be said that Joe came in on himself as well as others.

The author has constructed a rationale contending that the freedom of women consists of freedom from domesticity, subjugation to men and opportunity to work in the world of men upon equal terms. Yet a rigid incapacity to experience womanhood itself reduces the rationale to freedom from living.

Her insistence upon aggrandizing a casual affection twenty years dead into a passion of classic dimension is employed to support her contention.

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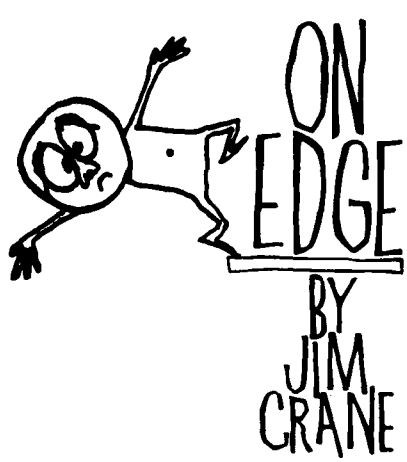

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What force behind *what* circumstance? Her early determination "to write sacrificial essays in which the author strips himself without excuses," since it derives from a compulsion for concealment rather than from a compulsion toward revelation, exactly reverses the tradition of Rousseau. What we have in *Force of Circumstance,* therefore, is an extended display of millinery borrowed from others to cover a lifelong search for the author's own femininity.

Mr. Algren is the author of such memorable books as The Man with the Golden Arm *and* A Walk on the Wild Side.

RYNNE GOLD. THE THIRD SESSION *by Xavier Rynne. New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 389 pp. $4.95. Reviewed by Bishop James A. Pike.*

The third in the series, this "inside story," by an author(s) as yet unidentified, of the turning point session of Vatican Council II may well prove to be a cause as well as an effect. Candid reporting of the views and attitudes of the Fathers in Council and of where the preponderance is on the various crucial issues not only *reflect* the situation but, along with other such revelations, will in good measure *shape* Roman Catholicism in the era ahead, regardless of the explicit parliamentary outcome of the "wind-up" session this fall. This complicated comment arises from the fact, which these pages tellingly disclose, that on virtually every issue we see the conflict of a liberal majority and a conservative — indeed, obscurantist — minority, with ample evidence (confirmed by the parliamentary course of the first three sessions) that the victory of the majority on certain major points is by no means assured. The fact is, this is no ordinary minority. It includes episcopal members of the Curia. And further, as impressive a figure as he is, Paul VI is not John XXIII. But even if the Council closes with certain important liberal measures shelved (they will not be defeated) thinking Roman Catholics and others will know what the *consensus sidelium* really is — or at least the *consensus episcoporum* (the decree on "collegiality" will never be able to be resolved). This will be the case even if propositions embodying the mind of the Church on these matters fail of formal promulgation.

An obvious example: In a complex maneuver, with elements familiar to students of American Congressional processes, the Declaration on Religious Liberty did not emerge from the session; there are some cynical enough to think it will never emerge (though here I am an optimist). Nevertheless, it will remain perfectly clear that the overwhelming majority of Roman Catholic bishops ardently believe in religious freedom. Never again will Pio Nono's "Syllabus of Errors" or protestations of the defensive minority of bishops asserting that "error has no rights," be taken very seriously.

Hence, how fatally important this book (along with its companion volumes) really is will depend on the outcome of the Council. If the constitutions promulgated — or not promulgated — fail to vindicate the liberal majority, the works of such authors (and of this one preeminently) will do service as their vindication. Although such works may not be needed for this purpose (and this is devoutly to be prayed for by all Christians) they will have provided a record of the inspiring courage, wisdom and wit which were the ingredients of the process of victory. And this series particularly will have provided for many of us an entré into the minds and hearts of scores of outstanding episcopal leaders who otherwise would have simply remained the bearers of impressive titles of varying degrees of quaintness. Imaged are men of deep thought and ardent passion for the sake of Christ and His Church — and for all the children of God.

Such a disclosure should give courage to those of us who hold representative office in other communions of Christians. I write as one such, a bishop of a church grievously in need of *aggiornamento*. It is good for the rest of us that we will have been enabled not only to see the results but the processes — the tug of war in a sister church whose forward looking spirits have been so earnestly trying to bring it, too, into the 20th Century.

This book (as well as its predecessors) also confirms abundantly what has been more and more evident in recent years: the Roman Catholic Church is by no means a monolithic structure; for example, in the sessions of the Council as wide a range of opinion has been expressed as at any session of the Lambeth Conference or of the Episcopalian House of Bishops. And this is reflective of the creative ferment throughout the Roman Catholic Church as a whole. This knowledge should help enormously toward the achievement of the right climate for church unity, and

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in the interim, for trusting dialogue and collaboration.

The only apparent defect in the book is the lack of a subject index. But maybe here the author(s) was wise; such a lack will force the reader, with his own pet curiosity about the course of the session, to read the entire volume — at his great profit.

James A. Pike is Bishop of the Episcopal diocese of California and author of A Time for Christian Candor.

999/1000 PLUS ONE. BORN TO WIN *by Woody Guthrie. New York: Macmillan. 256 pp. $5.95. Reviewed by Nat Hentoff.*

Although he wrote almost constantly, Woody Guthrie had no patience for putting books together. He'd rather, he said, hear people singing his songs than plod through the time it took to write the novels and the autobiographies his friends were always urging him to begin. Yet there was one book, *Bound for Glory,* in 1945, and that whooping, careening odyssey of the young Guthrie demonstrated a prodigiously wild, alive and singular writing style.

Now, Robert Shelton, folk music critic of the New York Times, has assembled and tried to hold down in some kind of form a geyser of previously unpublished Guthrie song lyrics, essays, letters, maxims, journal notes, letters and plans. It's uneven, but much of it is full-strength Guthrie, and *Born to Win* thereby further reveals the pleasures, losses, angers and fierce hopes of the most original and durable creator of folk songs this country has ever known.

Guthrie has not sung or written for a long time. Since 1952, he has been hospitalized with a progressive, hereditary, neurological disease. But his influence is pervasive. All the substantial topical folk song writers — most notably Bob Dylan — have roots in Woody. And his songs, of course, are part of the common language, from kindergartens to civil rights demonstrations to networks, reluctant to let Woody appear, even if he could perform, but able to withstand the danger of his songs without him.

Born to Win tells of many elements in Woody's persistently restless, diversified life: his experiences with the Merchant Marines in World War II, his imprecise but fervent proclamations of the good Socialist life to come, his wandering throughout the country, and his rambunctious but tender home life. "Nothing in this earth life is vulgar to me," he wrote and as a corollary, there is a long, gatheringly intense celebration of physical love which bears comparison with Molly Bloom's similar acceptance of delight.

Woody wanted to share what joy he found, so he advised his newly married daughter: "All I can tell you about your man, girl, is this; if you give him 999/1000ths of the curious loves that he feels and burns and craves for, and, if you hold back some one little 1/1000th part of love's rolls and tumblings, then like one little bullet, your holdback will knock him down hurt and staggering like a swatted fly."

There is also agony in *Born to Win* — the death by fire of his daughter, Cathy ("Miss Stackabones"), the inspiration for scores of children's songs he wrote and recorded that are *of* children and not *for* them. One section, describing the confinement of his ill but irrepressibly resourceful daughter, makes this open and unabashedly personal child come alive. Another section, detailing her last hours, is therefore all the more painful.

But not even "Miss Stackabone's" death could constrict Woody for long. A chronic optimist, he kept looking for new ways to change the world — through his songs and his singing in all sorts of places: bars, picket lines, the decks of Merchant Marine ships, and radio shows that expanded the definition of "culture" for a lot of people. And he wrote letters, like Herzog, to the famous and the influential and the obtuse.

"My Dear Mr. Truman," he addressed the President in 1949, "If you ever so much as lay a small claim to be a human with a brain, a soul, a heart, a mind, a feeling you could call the warmth of the

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blood of man, please, good sir, take a good look at these bills you are signing to make more high explosives to blow us all off the map. Your face will look a whole lot blanker if the little atoms blow our world away and all of your pals and kinfolks along with the rest of us. I'm not ready to blow just yet. Your old buddy, Woody Guthrie."

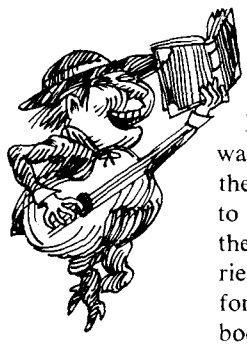
If only Woody could get out of bed and reason together with "folksy" LBJ, that confrontation would be worth a very long journey to hear. He might not humanize LBJ, but he sure as hell would shake him up and make him think twice about some of that easy rhetoric he's been using.

Among the other letters was one to Albert Einstein, and I thought of it as I recently read of physicist Max Born's disclosure that after the first atom bomb was dropped, Einstein developed an aversion to science. He wrote Born shortly before his death that if he had his life to live over again, he would not select a profession "that has to do with the search for knowledge." Einstein, added Born, "left the world without regret."

But not even that bomb, and its later "improvements," shook Woody's conviction that a far better and more just world was possible. "I write things," he says in *Born to Win*, "that I just hope to see somewhere farther along." His function, as he lived it, was to tell it like it is and like it ought to be. ("Your ballads will be lots better and sound lots plainer and clearer when you stop all kinds of hiding, even hiding from your own people or from your ownself.")

The man had an eye as well as an ear for the speech rhythms of all kinds of people. "No man in the world looks at you like a railroad conductor." He remembers the man who likes to do his drinking in an old, dark bar because in bright, new places the neon lights shine in the girls' faces and make them "look like they was dead corpses."

Above and beneath all he did, Woody was a life-affirmer, a yea-sayer. "I see nothing obscene around me no matter where my ten senses go to scratch around." He wasn't, of course, in a perpetual state of love. He could be ornery and often itchily unpredictable. And he knew it. "I don't care how you use or abuse my name. Woody Guthrie is a genie to everybody but his own self. I abuse him lots worse than you do, or you ever will . . . I don't care what you say about me just so you say it."



He wasn't always sure that a good Socialist life would come. Long before James Baldwin, Woody quoted the spiritual:

"An' it's a gonna rainnn
An' it's a gonna rainnnnnnnnn
An' it won't be waterrrrrr
But fire. Next time."

More and more, it looks as if Woody was right that time. But maybe not, if there's time and enough of those who want to make changes and not just talk about them. Not reforms, mind you, but Guthrie-kind of changes. He always knew that for this country to be a democracy, everybody in it has to have a share of power. I think Guthrie would have had no trouble understanding the "participatory democracy" of SNCC and Students for a Democratic Society. And I also expect he'd have been ubiquitous at the teach-ins and the marches and the Freedom Schools. That's what the man was in essence — a one-man, traveling Freedom School.

The way he's ending is the worst possible way for Woody. ("I don't know why it is," he said when he was mobile, "but I feel about half of the time like I'd ought to be everywhere else in the world except right here where I am.") But he knows his songs are traveling. And now *Born to Win* is. It will be a long time before Woody is entirely gone. Unless, of course, like in his song about the twister, we all go at the same time.

Author of The New Equality *and the recent award-winning* Jazz Country, *Mr. Hentoff is also a contributor to numerous magazines.*

MAN WITH THE GOLDEN CHARM.

NOTES FROM A SEA DIARY: HEMINGWAY ALL THE WAY *by Nelson Algren. New York: Putnam. 254 pp. $4.95. Reviewed by Ralph Gleason.*

Does it disturb you to see the Beatles on the Queen's List and treated with seriousness? Are the protesting students, the civil rights marchers, the peaceniks going to jail for sitting in at Army bases puzzling to you?

Is it paradoxical that a college student is sentenced to jail for using the same word on a public plaza that a poet is paid to articulate 300 yards away at a public reading?

The winds of change blow strong in every corner, and what is blowing in those winds is there to see and hear for those whose eyes and ears can expand one more degree. We face a world which fiction can-

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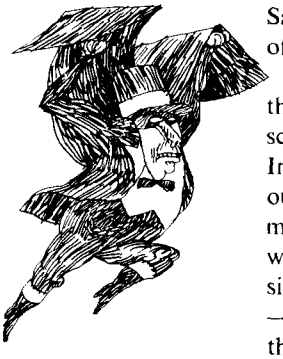
not approximate, in which the FBI makes foreign policy, and a Pentagon spokesman (in the N.Y. Herald Tribune) says that once an operation like Santo Domingo "goes into the computers there's no simple way" to reduce it. Is it any wonder that Milo Minderbinder's explanation (in *Catch-22*) of how you can buy eggs in Malta for 7c and sell them for 5c in Pianoso at a profit is the best description of American business available?

For the creators of fiction have had to abandon the tradition, as Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane have abandoned the ballad, in order to say anything deeply relevant to today's turbulent scene swept by the winds of change. Thus Joseph Heller *(Catch-22)* and Ken Kesey *(One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest)* create a surrealistic explanation realer than reality. And it's no accident these books are more widely read voluntarily, than, say, William Styron's.

The novel has had to become reportage, reportage has had to become novel, and both surrealistic to cope with this world. As Norman Mailer said in his brilliant speech at the University of California Vietnam Community Day protest, "our present situation in Vietnam is so irrational that any attempt to deal with it logically is illogical in the way surrealism is illogical and rational political discussion of Adolph Hitler's motives was illogical . . . and then obscene."

We don't know who killed Kennedy. Stevenson dies copping out on Santo Domingo as a major error and no one will ever believe the denials from Johnson and Harriman. Baldwin and Mailer are criticized for not writing fiction and instead reporting on life, yet what greater fiction than our life? Heller and Kesey suffer the fate of all openers of artistic frontiers; the New Criticism becomes old ("ah, that lowland smell," says Gary Snyder) and fact and fiction intermingle in all our lives.

Algren, whose fictional version of *The Power Elite (A Walk on the Wild Side)* remains our first modern world classic, has produced another work beyond categories, defying classification and dedicated to the proposition that man lives as best he can. It is a collection of essays on his tanker voyage to India, interlaced with comments on Hemingway and murderous shaftings of critics like Dwight McDonald. It makes no difference if it is fact or fiction. There are some things, as Ken Kesey has said, that are true even if they didn't happen.



It is a full book, full of the same life that made Zorba dance when he could no longer talk. "Lacking a sense of poetry all creative work becomes false," says Algren, and "click!" we understand why we trust I. F. Stone whose voice can break and eyes fill with tears when he speaks about Santo Domingo, yet we hear with a sense of doom the Johnson explanation.

Algren is a poet. There is evidence of this in all his work, especially in his descriptions of the sea and the whores of India and the East living in a world without alternatives. His language sings and moans and keens and wails. And roars with life. His vision of reality and the visions of the poet-writers and writer-poets —Ginsberg, Baldwin, Kesey, Heller and the rest — represent the true reality of our time infinitely better than the C.I.A. These are the truly religious, for they believe in life. ". . . the painter no longer in touch with people who don't look at pictures begins to die as a painter. The actor whose life has moved from the marketplace to the studio acts falsely. The novelist, grown remote from people who don't read, becomes untrue to those who do read," Algren says. The great singer and musician, Ray Charles, puts it another way. His recipe is "just a little bit of soul." That's where it's really at. Nelson Algren and the others breaking through have it. Without that "little bit of soul" you might as well work for the AP or BBD&O. Or in a bank. Writer and reader both.

THE POVERTY OF REFORM. FROM THE DEPTHS: THE DISCOVERY OF POVERTY IN THE UNITED STATES BY *Robert H. Bremner. New York: New York University Press. 364 pp. $2.95. Reviewed by Paul Booth.*

The War on Poverty is in the great tradition of American Reform Movements. Even though it is part of government machinery and endowed with more than a billion dollars to play with (and for contending groups of reformers to fight over), it has all the important characteristics of our Reform tradition, from the well-meaning types who man it at all levels, to the view of impoverished people that moves the reformer into action. We would be well advised to study that tradition for the insights it might give us about the potential of LBJ's War.

The Reform impulse is based on sympathy, pure and simple. Poor people are seen as deserving of our patience and

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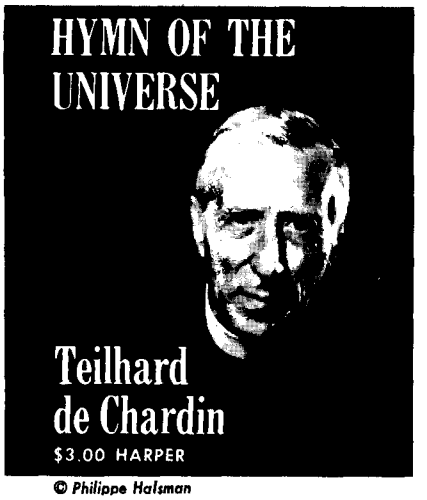
care, and of a decent existence. Their plight is due to a malfunction of a fundamentally good society, and the problem can and must be cured.

Reform movements have been very successful in patching up America; the New Deal and before it the Progressive movement responded in a vigorous way to the breadlines and scandals that reflected important defects in the makeup of society. Similarly, a whole profession — social work — has developed out of the impulse to help the poor.

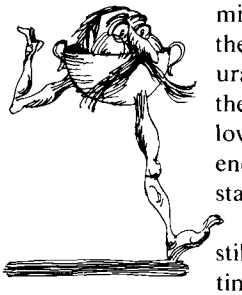
Robert Bremner's *From The Depths,* recently reissued in paper, is the outstanding chronicle of the growth of the American reform response to poverty, studying it up to the New Deal. He deals with the rise of social work from the charity agents of the 1890's, through settlement houses, and the eventual emergence of the social work profession in its various branches. He traces the literature of poverty, fiction and non-fiction, which, most obviously in its muckraking period, identified the roots of the problem in the lurid excesses of the competitive system. He treats "the discovery of poverty in America" as intellectual history, showing how a new style of looking at the problem, like the very factual investigations of Jacob Riis and his contemporaries, helped change the prevailing philosophy from the individualism of the era of the Robber Barons to a more scientific attitude, understanding the vicious conditions of poverty.

Bremner assigns to social workers the leading role in the reform movements of the progressive period. And he takes pains to point out their fundamental optimism about the malleability of our society, and its susceptibility to reform. "Like the muckrakers who followed them (the late nineteenth-century social investigators) sincerely believed that once 'the plain bald statement of facts' had been submitted to the public judgment, nothing could stand in the way of reform."



America has brought forth two other views of poor people, each arguing with the Reformer's optimism about the integrability of poor people into the society; both conservatism and radicalism have been snowed under by Reform. Bremner deals much less carefully and sympathetically with these traditions.

The conservative, individualistic ideology, is aptly relegated to the 19th century, when it held sway. It regarded poor people as shiftless, unlikely to be integrated because of their own frailty, intemperate and immoral. Charles Loring Brace, organizer of the Children's Aid Society in 1853, published his reflections 20 years later under the title of *The Dangerous Classes of New York.*



What are the implications of the pessimistic view of men? If the fault lies with the people, or even if there are just naturally polite classes and dangerous classes, the major job of society is to police the low elements; enlightened society sees far enough ahead to act with charity to forestall some mob uprising.

Conservatives, just like the poor, are still with us; one got 27 million votes last time around. I think it far more significant that an enlightened city like New York is relying more heavily on police these days in the light of long, hot summers, crime in the subways, etc. Recent weeks have seen two large City Hall demonstrations of off-duty policemen, in Newark and New York. Both had heavy racial overtones, and suggest the possibility that unleashing the cops will become a leading program for coping with poor people. Other cities, like Oakland (Calif.), put the conservative theory in practice through vigorously cutting back the welfare rolls (these poor are ever more seen as "undeserving") and applying other measures of discipline.

Last June, the Oakland Housing Authority decided to remove the backyard fences and gardens of tenants in two large housing projects in a "beautification" program. Organizers from Students for a Democratic Society have assisted the tenants in fighting back; they were most concerned that these people were not consulted about the decision. This seemingly small grievance can help illustrate two important historical points.

The first is that no amount of reformer

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sympathy can give a poor man control over the decisions that affect him. Writing of the almshouses of the 1880's, Bremner says, "these were better calculated to degrade than to reform their inhabitants; and a family's committment to them tended to transform temporary misfortune into permanent poverty." He could have been saying the same of the public housing, public welfare and other paternalistic institutions of our 1965 "welfare state."

It is at this point that the radical philosophy must be cited. It shares the reformers' optimistic view of human potential, but challenges its optimism about the "American Dream" coming true for the poor. Today's radicals echo Jack London's sentiments for the reformer: "they do everything for the poor except get off their backs."

In 1965, and this is the second historical point, a social worker, a probation officer, or a housing administrator, plays a large role in the lives of the mass of impoverished people in the country. This is a relatively new condition, and one that is increasing rapidly as LBJ adds new ramifications to the welfare state. But it bears no promise whatsoever of making men independent.

This, perhaps, can help to explain why sympathetic social workers are as feared and hated in the ghetto as cops, and why the goal of abolishing poverty cannot be realized by sending thousands of skilled people into the "target areas," as the war on poverty does to an appalling extent.

The real hope for abolishing poverty lies with the local movements of poor people who are just beginning to learn the significance of asking the right question of democracy: Why shouldn't we make the crucial decisions of our own lives? Sharecroppers in Mississippi, tenants in Newark, unemployed miners in eastern Kentucky, residents of Oakland public housing and thousands of people in between, all of whom have been disenfranchised in one way or another, now hold forth the hope of ending poverty through their own efforts — to make America into a democracy of participation.

Mr. Booth is a community organizer for Students for a Democratic Society.

Miscellany: A PHOTOGRAPHER'S LAMENT

Several months ago staff writer David Welsh was commissioned to do an article on Hazard, Kentucky, for our "Shame of the Cities" series — scheduled for an early issue. Danny Lyon was assigned to do the photography. He submitted his work with the following covering letter to Executive Editor Warren Hinckle.

Dear Warren:

This is a letter that I have meant to write to you for some time and the sending of the Hazard material seems as good an opportunity as any. When I saw you in Alabama we spoke a bit about the state of photography and its use in magazines. If I am repetitious, excuse me, I am fighting an uphill fight.

The state of photography in America is disastrous; it was once glorious. The reasons for the new art's decline and its great oppressors, are the magazines and modern life in general. I am a photographer, and I would hope, devoted to my art. You are an editor who, for various reasons, I trust (to some extent).

Good photographs are made each year in America. There is nowhere to show them or publish them. The exception is a few basement corridors provided by museums and frequented by the type of people who like to spend time in museum basements. Magazines rely heavily on "photography," and each week bring out pictures that are a little lower in their content than their accompanying prose. The public accepts the worthless pictures under the name of "photo-journalism" because it is brought to them with authority (Life, Saturday Review, Look) and because they don't know any better. But neither do the magazines. Photo-journalism died an honorable death with Robert Capa and it has not been brought to life by the photo-machines that take $100 a day from Life in return for cannisters of film which they deliver to the Air Express as the completion of the artistic process. "Photographs" are currently used to illustrate the never-never-land ideologies of magazine stories. Editors pick the pictures from the thousands turned in by the photographer who in turn is shooting the way his magazine "sees"—so he gets another job next week. It happens everywhere that way; it is part of the "system," but it needn't be that way. Every serious photographer, and there aren't many today, assumes that he cannot do serious work for a magazine.

Photography, as a medium, can stand

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equal to all others now in existence. So the word went out from Stieglitz and others 50 years ago and in time the "art world" accepted it. In many ways, photography is uniquely suited to deal with our existence. Its ability to present the fact of life is its great strength, for no other form can do the same. You can tell, sing or dance me what you will about the world, but I can photograph it with a camera, and that's the best way I know of getting a picture of it. The presentation of the fact of the existence of a man, through a picture of his face, his home, his tools; that is photography. When it is used to judge, or moralize, expose or praise, it is lessened in its value. These are things other forms can do but not what photography only can do. The people of Hazard are seen only as people, in all the richness of a face and a life. The meaning of the pictures are that they are real people, nothing less, nothing more. The pictures are at best a warning that these people exist, a momentary reflection of them caught in a lens.

I am no writer, and this letter borders on the unintelligible. The Hazard story was the first time I have ever been able to make serious pictures for a magazine. For that I must thank the existence of RAMPARTS and the tolerance of Mr. Welsh. The prints enclosed were made at my expense so that you might see some of the shots I thought had some value.

Please understand that my opening statements were about a situation that I believe exists and not about RAMPARTS, for whom thus far I have nothing but respect. But I might as well continue. Ideally, photographs should appear equally with the text (I am not speaking about the Hazard story, about which I knew nothing until I arrived there, but about the collaboration of photography and writing generally), and be presented so that the viewer is aware of this. A photographer and writer might deal with the same subject, each as masters of his craft, in his own particular way. The photographer would receive the same considerations as the writer in assembling his material before it reaches the editors, and in contributing to its appearance in the magazine. That is, he would make a selection of prints to complete his "story." The actual appearance of the piece would have the photographs as a portfolio at the beginning, end or middle of the piece. Only captions of date and location or name would be used, if any. Needless to say, the quality of the photographs would be crucial.

No magazine uses photographs in such a way. The exceptions are "art" magazines and poetry magazines. Photography is not art or poetry. It is a medium of direct communication, appreciated by people immediately and directly, on the rare occasions when they are permitted to see it. I believe any magazine that treats photography with the same respect and seriousness as it does its prose, would develop a reputation for doing so, simply because it would be alone among the other magazines. Photographers, good photographers, would be attracted to it because they would immediately recognize the quality of the work. Good photographers are starved for places to publish. I believe that if such a policy were followed and carried out by a magazine, it would take very few issues for it to gain a reputation for doing so, and no doubt reap the financial rewards.

As I said, the situation is currently so bad that young photographers assume that there is no place for them among magazines. The time is coming when the work they are doing will make enough noise on its own that people will become hip to the fact that they have been buying *bad photos* on the stands each week. Eventually magazines will have to take photography seriously and take their feet off its throat. I'm not just raving. It is generally assumed in New York that a group will eventually be formed that will do nothing but photograph America, for no other reason than for the value of the photographs. If such an institution is not coming now, then it will come in the next few years. With the attention it gets, the word will steal out among the people who in turn will stop buying Life, Look and Time. I present the situation dramatically, of course. What I mean to say simply is that it will help any magazine that will take the time to deal properly with photography. It will also make their issues more valuable, should anybody out there be interested in the glory that only the future can bestow. Photographs belong in magazines where ordinary, non-museum frequenting people can see them. The people will dig them, because that's what photography is about.

As I said before, I enjoyed the Hazard job very much and I hope RAMPARTS can use the work. Please excuse my lack of ability to spell, write or think very straight; the thoughts expressed are all real.

Sincerely yours,
Danny

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NO COMMENT DEPT.

To Mr. Keating, Editor
The Ramparts Magazine

I am writing in regard to your appearance on NBC-TV last Saturday's News Conference. I must admit I was surprised that NBC would allow such a disgusting program to be screened on their Channel, and sent a strong letter of protest to the Station. You have given us a pitiable desplay (sic) of your pride and stupidity. Outside of being insulting to the Church you claim to belong, your argumentation was simply idiotic. To have come to Los Angeles from San Francisco to attack our Venerable Cardinal and also your distinguished Archbishop Joseph T. McGucken while praising such a stupid priest as Fr. DuBay, is most irresponsible and incomprehensive! You are guilty of slender (sic) of the the worst kind and I am sure that you are already a heretic, even if you don't know it.

Sure, the Catholic Church is founded on authority because Christ its Founder has willed it so. For He said to His Apostles and to their successors: "He who hears you, hears Me; and he who despiseth you, despiseth Me; and he who despiseth Me, despiseth the Father who has sent me." and He didn't add, mind you: But when the world has become so sophisticated that this ruling doesn't stand, then drop it. His truth and His words are eternal.

In the Acts of the Apostles we also read: "The Holy Ghost has appointed the Bishops to RULE the Church of God." And so with this prerogative, He has given them the grace to RULE the Church as He wills it. Then who are you to pretend to know more than our Bishops and Cardinals? Allmighty (sic) God has never promised you special grace in this field.

Our Venerable Cardinal is known as the apostle of Catholic Schools, and rightly so. In the time he has been in Los Angeles, the number of Catholic Schools has more than doubled. For it is urgent that the Church educates the young to be faithful to its missions to "teach all Nations" and the Bishops must provide the means of a Catholic education for all their diocesans. Ever since Pope Pius XI, the Church has always considered that a Catholic school was more urgent to build than a church. For with a church, you might have a place of worship, but without a school it may well remain empty.

When I came to California for the first time in 1940, the Archdiocese of Los Angeles had only 300,000 Catholics. Today it has a million and a half. Where would we be today if we only had the buildings we had then? His Eminence has kept pace with the progress of time.

To say that the clergy of Los Angeles is living in a state of terror under Cardinal McIntyre, is pure nonsense. I am an impartial observer since I am a Canadian priest still attached to my Canadian diocese in Manitoba and I have served for six years under the leadership of His Eminence and for three years I was working in Pasadena under Archbishop McGucken and consider it a privilege to have served under such leaders. I know of no priest in the archdiocese who is miserable under the Cardinal unless he chooses to be.

If it hadn't been for the Cardinal's charity and kindness, Fr. DuBay would have deserved to be suspended from the exercises of his priestly duties but he is still active in the ministry of the Church. I attended the same retreat as he did last year in Camarillo's St. John Seminary and I must say that he didn't impress me.

I have a very good friend in Mr. George Putnam, KTTV newscaster who is sponsoring me to become an American citizen and I agree with him when he says that colored people have no reason to complain here in Southern California. Their educated members have nice positions without discrimination in the Los Angeles area. The Post Master (sic) is one of them and if you go to any federal offices as I have lately, you find them in impressive number. The others cry for self pity. I was teaching French at Alemany High School last year when I lived in San Fernando and we had many colored students who found no cause of complaint as in any other school of the archdiocese.

This criticism of your stand against our Cardinal is made in the spirit of charity, to point out your insufficiency and to turn your thoughts to being a submitted member of God's willed authority of the Church, which is the only means by which we may be saved, YOU and ME.

(SIGNED)
Rev. Gustave Couture, chaplain
Franciscan Sisters' Novitiate
Saugus, Calif.

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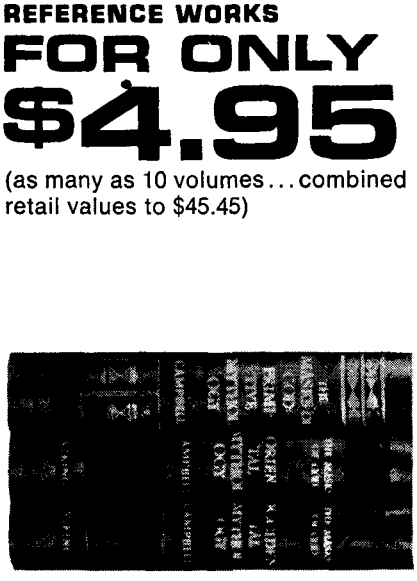

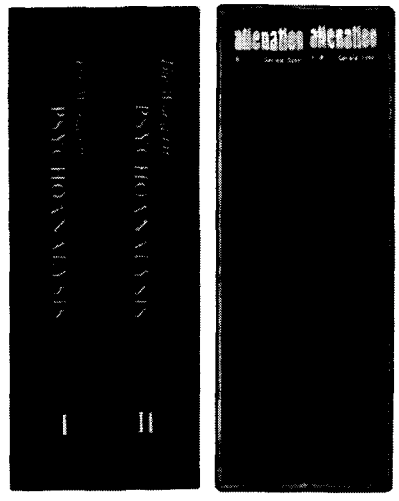

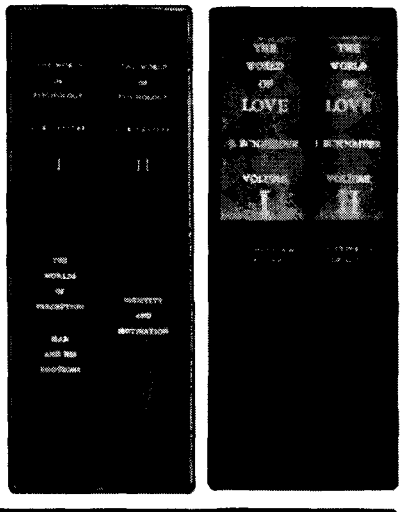

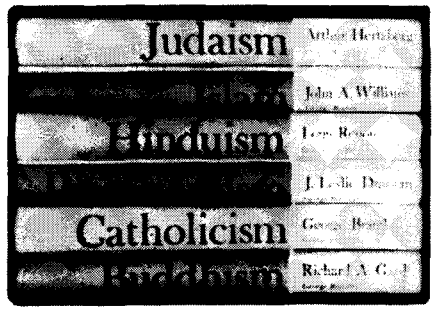

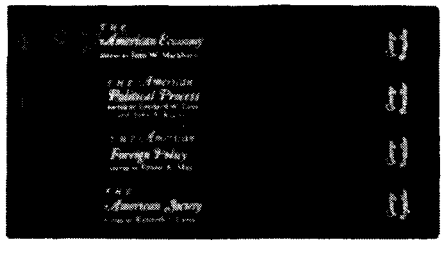

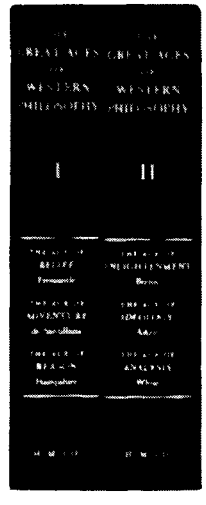

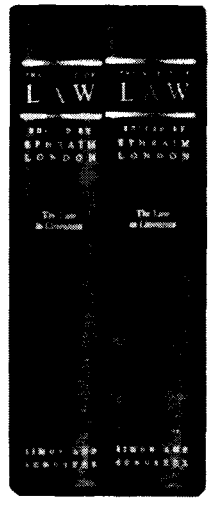

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Forgotten road to success in writing

One of America's highest paid free-lance authors tells of opportunities often overlooked by people who want to write

By J. D. Ratcliff

I can't understand why more beginners don't take the short road to publication — by writing articles for magazines and newspapers.

Last year over 250,000 articles were bought by general magazines alone. And that's only part* of a huge market that will pay well for pieces of almost any length on just about any subject that comes naturally to you. I've made a good living for 25 years writing articles, and I've enjoyed every minute of it.

A wonderful life

I've interviewed a dozen Nobel Prize-winners, including Sir Alexander Fleming who discovered penicillin. I've talked with heads of state, at least one king, scores of leading industrialists. In the past year, I covered stories from Bangkok to Buffalo.

It's a wonderful life. No commuter trains to catch, no office routine. Whether I'm at home, or abroad on assignment, I write from 8 a.m. to noon every day — no more, no less. My afternoons are my own.

How to pick subjects that sell

A big advantage of article writing is that you can break in with material right out of your own everyday experience. One of the first pieces I sold was about the adventures of a test pilot I knew. Another told the story of a friend of mine caught in a balloon that ran wild. Check the contents of any general magazine; chances are you'll find articles you might have written.

You can make good use of your special interests too. One of mine is science, and it's provided dozens of story ideas — from accounts of dramatic new heart operations, to a report on an astronomical observatory built out of salvaged junk. Your passion may be insurance or religion or football, raising roses or raising children. Whatever it is, you should be able to draw on it for articles that could inform and entertain thousands of readers.

Knowing *what* to write is about half the battle. The other half is knowing *how*. To produce saleable articles, you must master the tools and techniques used by all successful professional writers.

You might develop these skills on your own through sheer blood, sweat and rejection slips. But when I look back, I can't help thinking of all the time and agony I would have saved if I could have found a real "pro" to work with me.

Such help is now available to beginners everywhere through the Famous Writers School — founded by Rod Serling, Faith Baldwin, Bruce Catton, Bennett Cerf, Max Shulman, Mignon G. Eberhart, Bergen Evans, Red Smith, John Caples, Rudolf Flesch, Mark Wiseman and myself.

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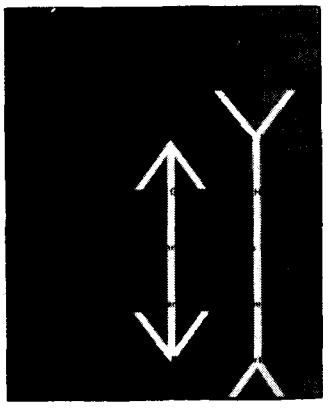

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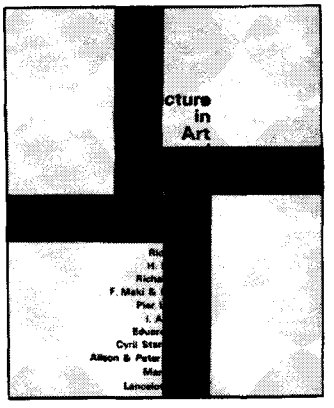

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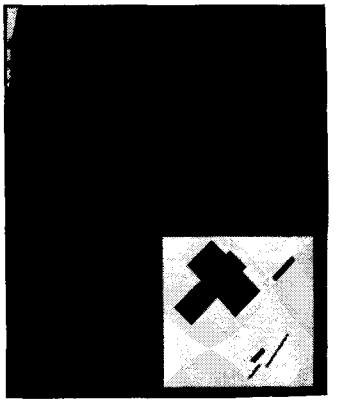

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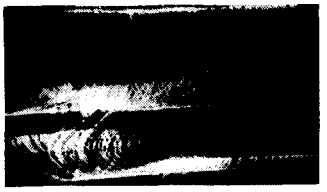

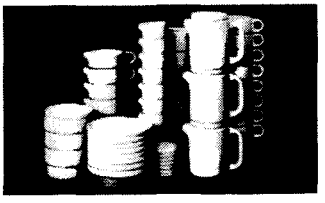

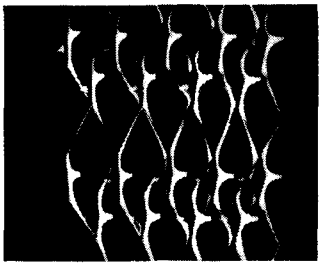

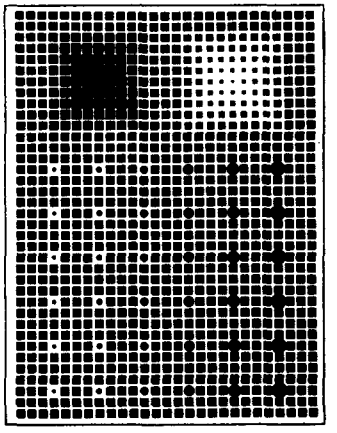

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